

GOLD



KEY

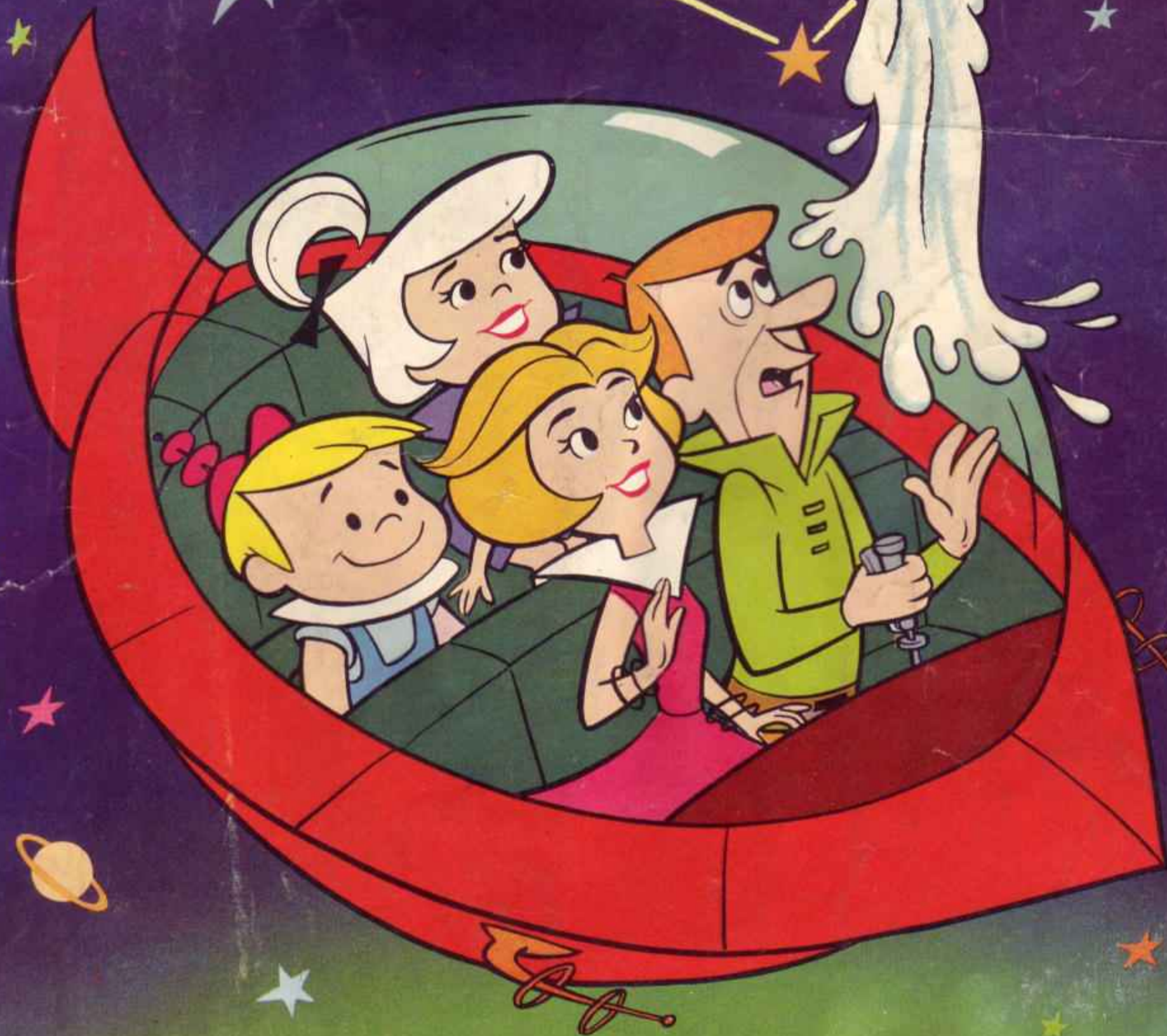
THE JETSONS

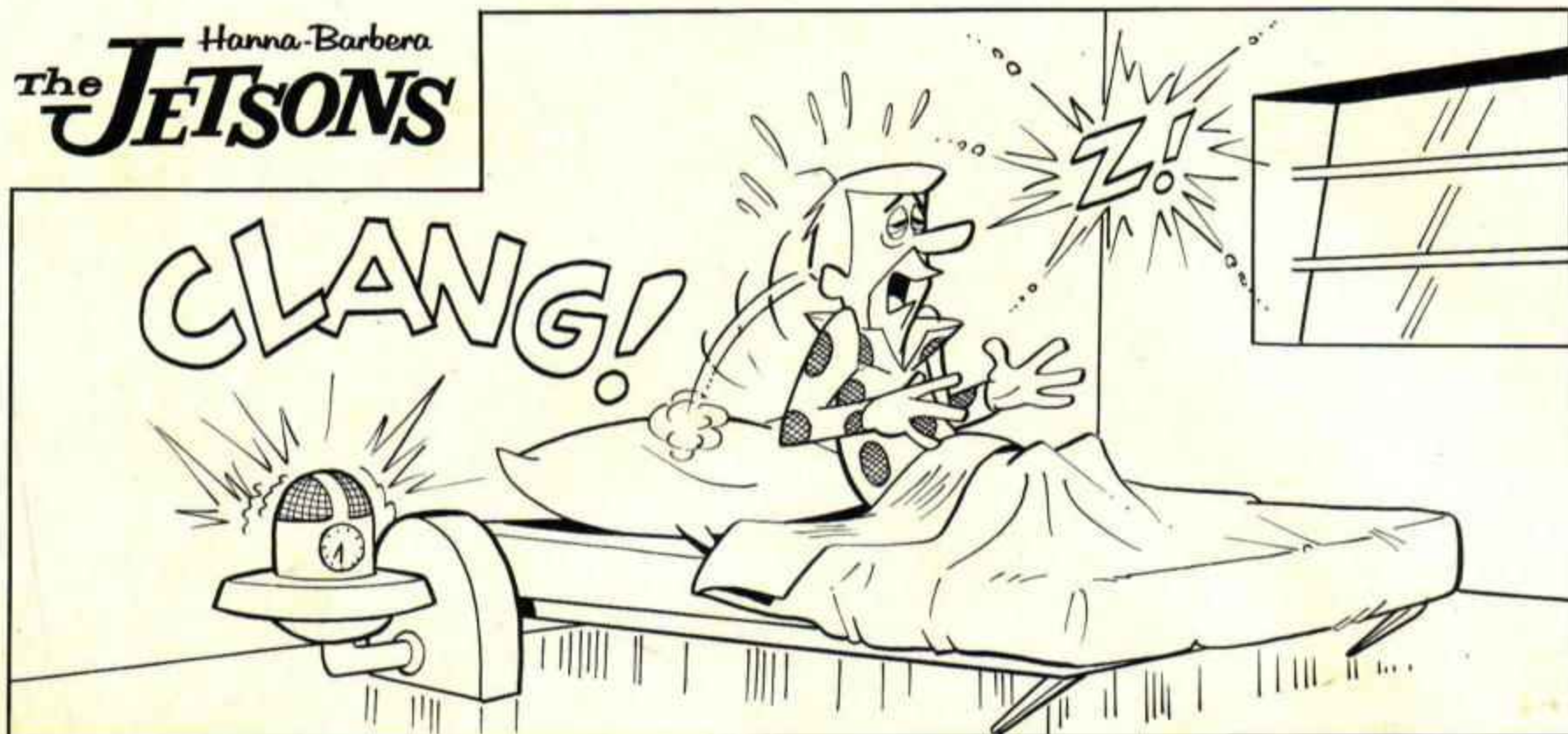
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HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS

1964-65
JANUARY





ONCE UPON A TIMEBELT

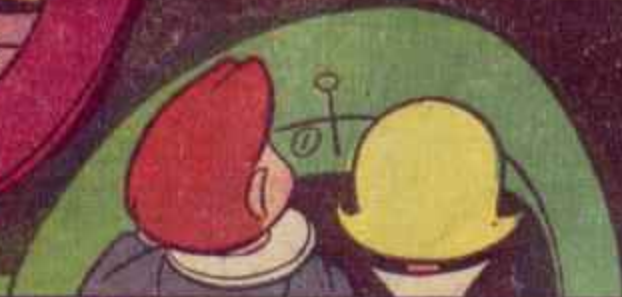
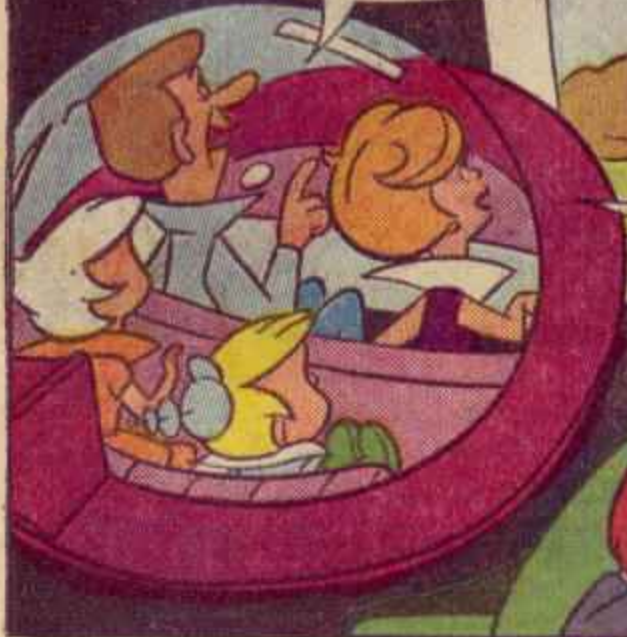
Comet FLY-IN Theater

LOOK... A BEE CAUSED GENERAL MUSTARD'S BUGLER TO BLOW WHEN HE WASN'T COMMANDED TO BLOW!

BOY, THESE TRUE FEATURES ARE BETTER THAN FICTION!



WE KNOW FROM HISTORY THAT THE GENERAL WON THIS DECISIVE BATTLE!



...HAD THEY WAITED ANY LONGER TO ATTACK, THE INJUNS PROBABLY WOULD HAVE WON!



AND HAD THE INJUNS WON... OUR COUNTRY MIGHT LOOK MUCH DIFFERENT TODAY!



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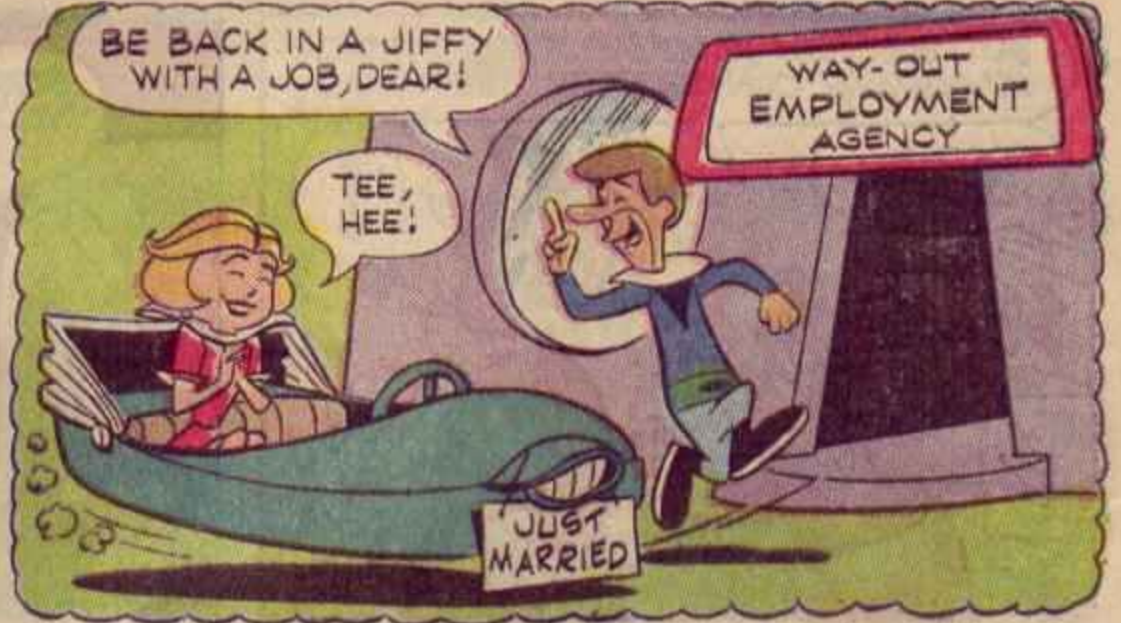
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"HE VEERED A MILLION MILES OFF COURSE TO DODGE A METEOR, AND DISCOVERED THE FABULOUS LA PALMA PLANETS, NOW THE PLAYGROUND OF THE UNIVERSE..."





THE NEXT MORNING WE FIND VICE PRESIDENT JETSON RIGHT ON HIS BUTTON, AS USUAL...

NO, NO, NO!! GO AWAY, YOU CRACKPOT!



BUT, SIR... MY *TIMEBELT BACKTRACK MACHINE* CAN BE VERY USEFUL...

GOOD-BY, LOONEY!



SURELY YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN TURN BACK TIME ...ER, DO YOU?

OF COURSE, I CAN!



BUT EVERYBODY'S SO *PROGRESSIVE* NOWADAYS THAT THEY SCOFF AT THE IDEA OF GOING *BACKWARDS!*

EVERYBODY BUT *ME, PAL!*



YOU'LL *BUY* MY MACHINE?

NO, BUT I'LL BE A GUINEA-PIGGY TO PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT BACK-TRACKING *CAN* BE PROGRESSIVE!



YOU SEE, I INTEND TO CHOOSE A DIFFERENT JOB... AN *EXCITING* ONE THIS TIME!

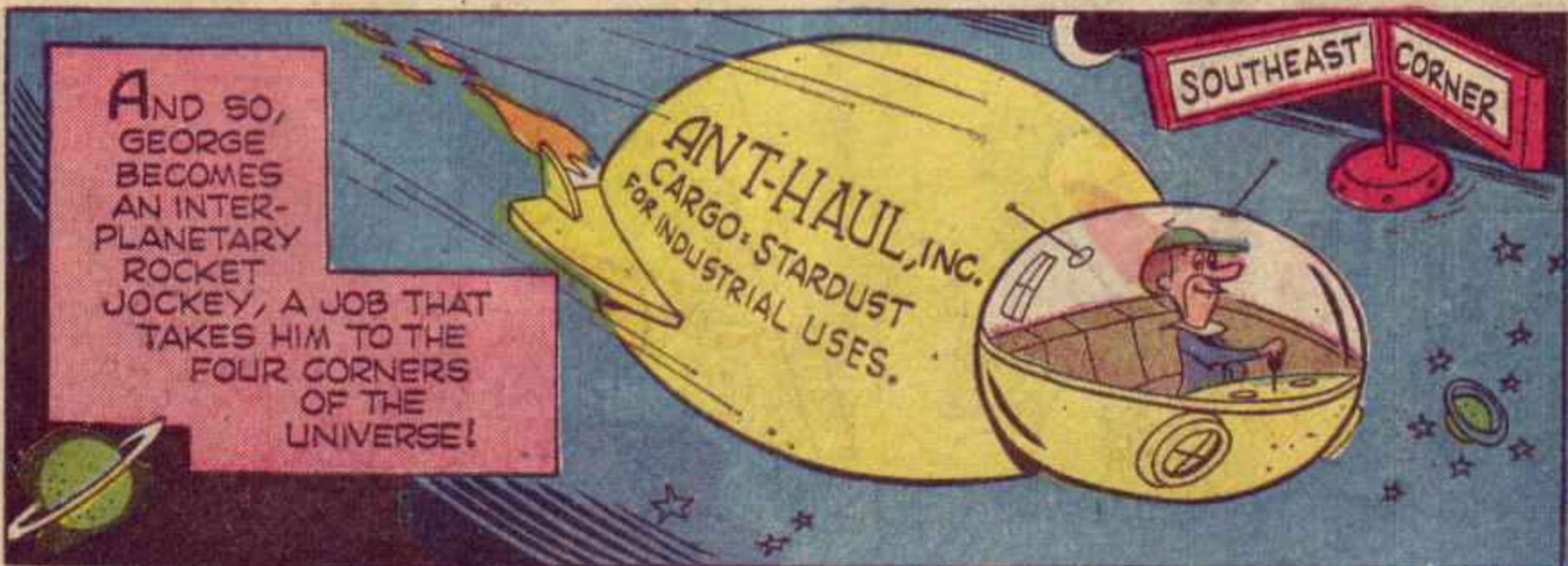
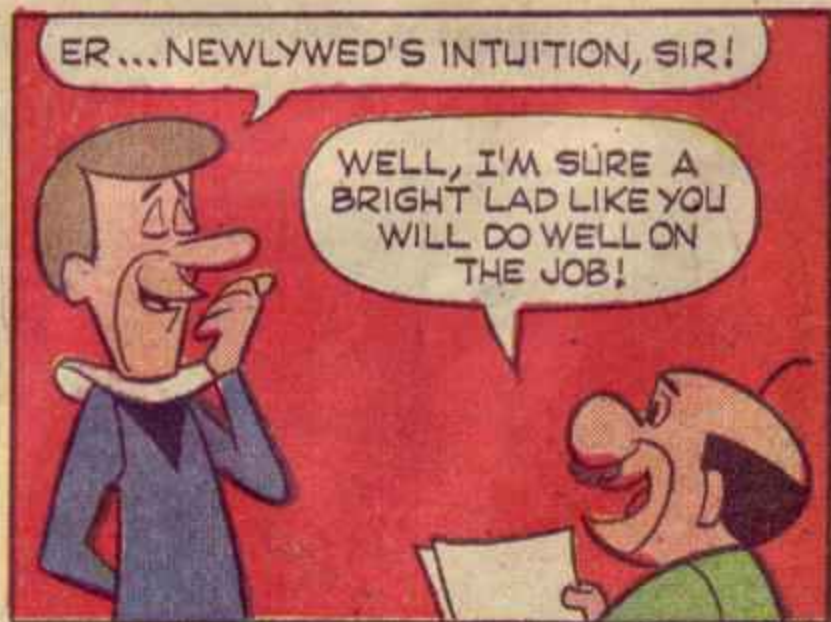


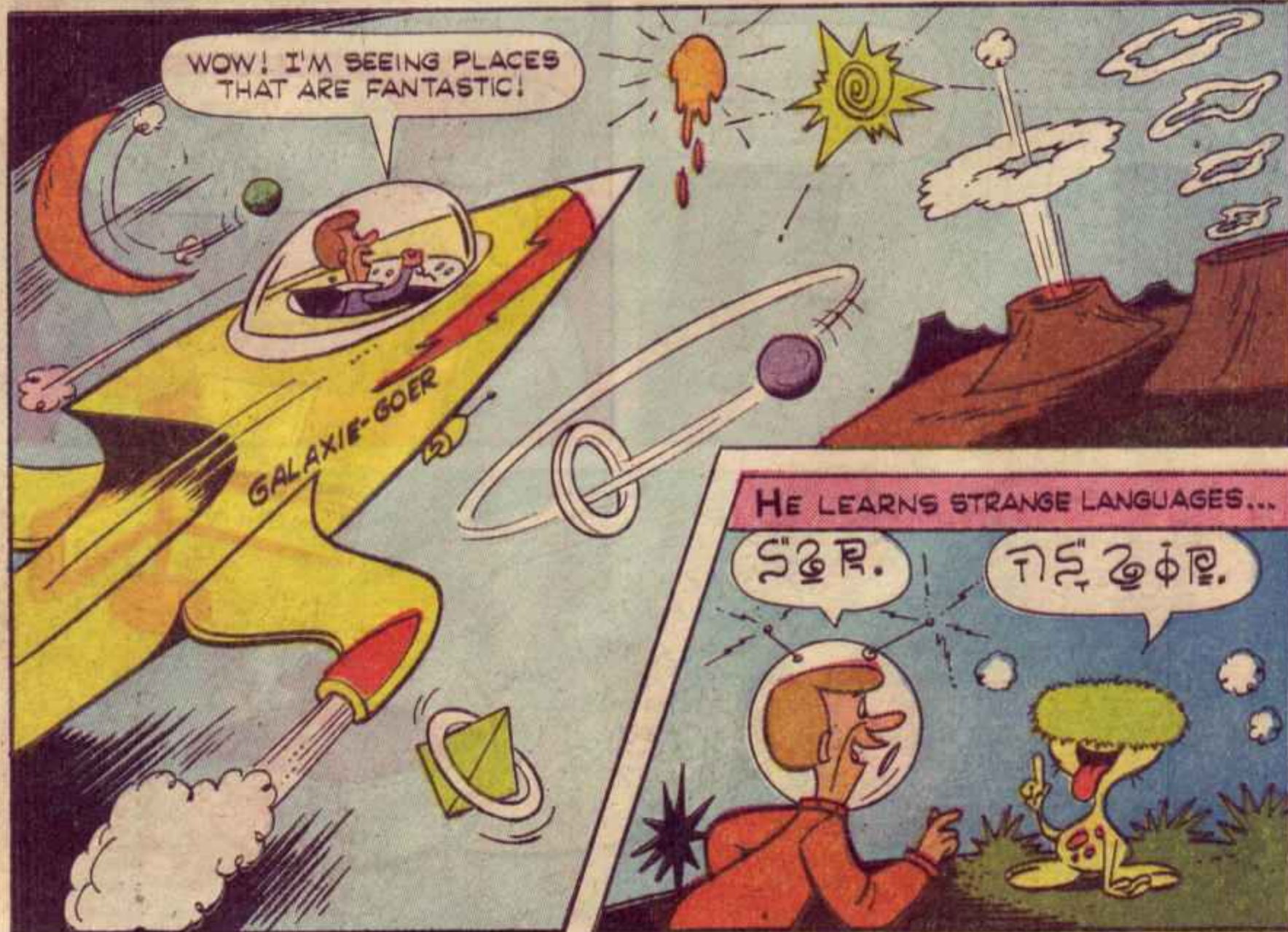
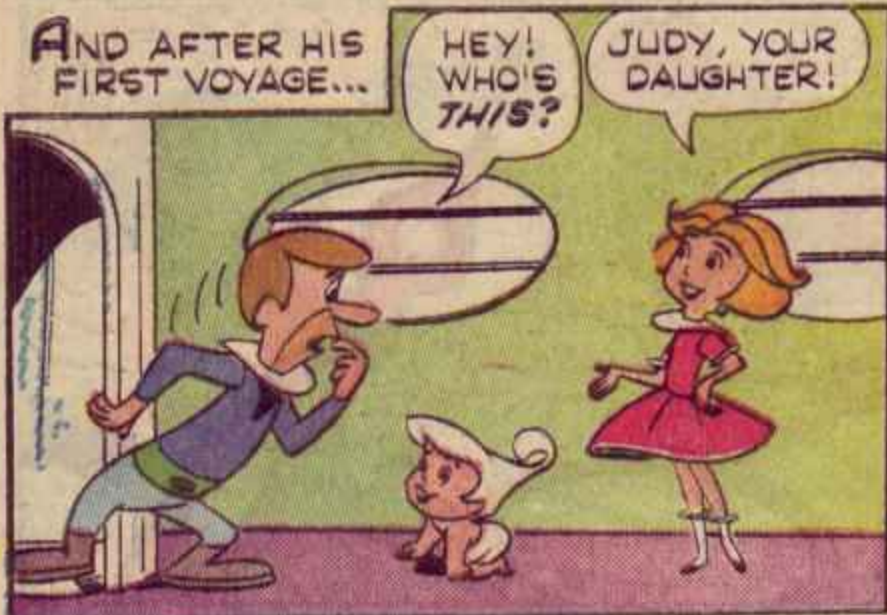
AND SO...

READY?

YEP! SHOOT ME BACK TO MAY 20TH, 2041 A.D.!







HE ADAPTS TO PECULIAR
ATMOSPHERES AND A
VARIETY OF
GRAVITATIONAL FIELDS...



A GUY NEEDS HEAVY SHOES TO HOLD
HIM DOWN ON THESE TINY PLANETS!

JETSON TO H.Q....
COME
IN, H.Q....

H.Q. TO YOU... GO STRAIGHT
TO NEBULA 9... DO NOT PASS
EARTH... DO NOT TAKE
FURLOUGH YET!



MAN, I'M
BIG TIME!

EVERYBODY
WANTS ME FOR
THEIR ROCKET-
JOCKEY! WOW!



BUT
WHEN
GEORGE
DOES
GET
HOME...

OW! I CAN'T GET USED
TO EARTH GRAVITY...

EEK!

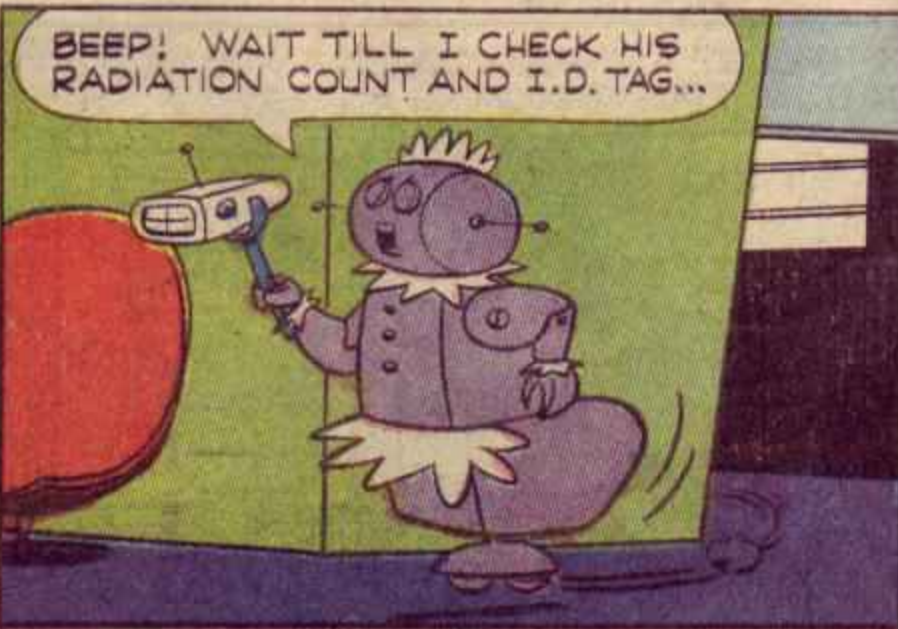
A BURGLAR!

A BOOBY-MAN!

YOWL!



BEEP! WAIT TILL I CHECK HIS
RADIATION COUNT AND I.D. TAG...

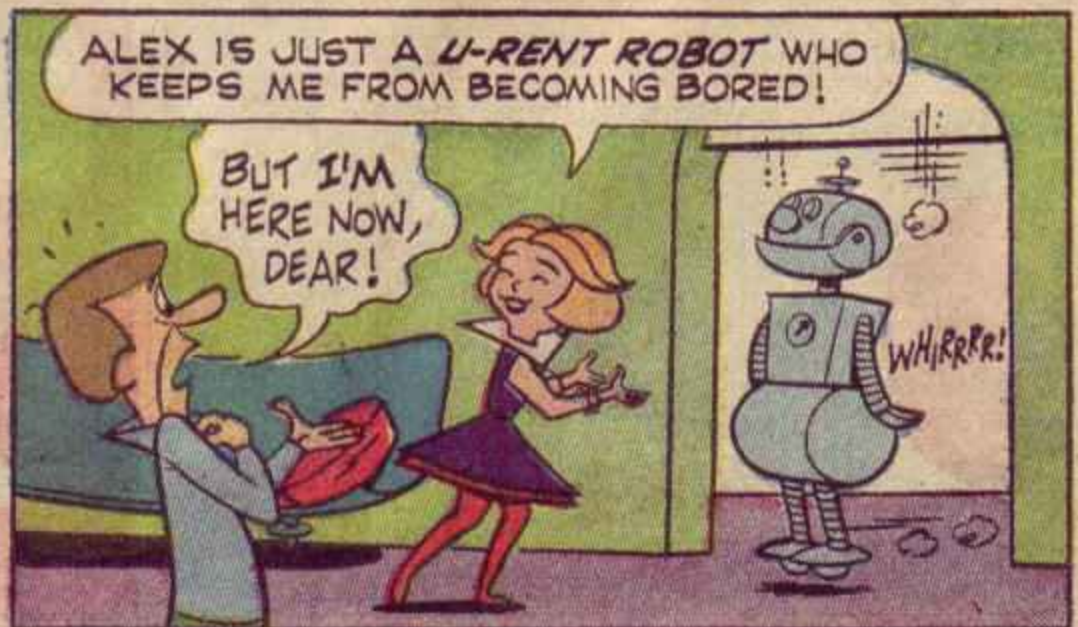


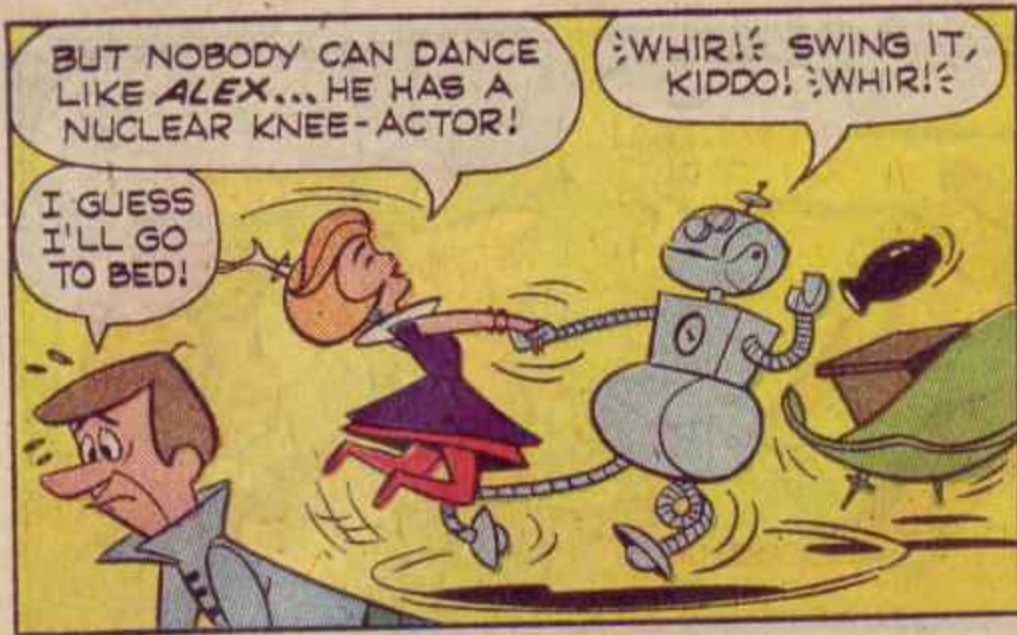
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHILDREN ;BEEP!;
IT'S YOUR FATHER!

THANKS, ROSEY!

HMMM!







SO BRIGHT AND EXTRA EARLY...



AND SO GEORGE GET'S BACK ON THE RIGHT TIME TRACK AGAIN...

A *HAPPY HOMELIFE* MEANS MUCH!

I NEED A NEW DRESS, DAD!

GEORGE DEAR ...LET'S GO TO THE FLY-IN!

DAD... PLAY BALL WITH ME?



BUT STILL... I DREAD GOING TO MY DULL PUSH-BUTTON JOB EVERY DAY...

AND I STILL SECRETLY YEARN FOR THE FLY-BOY LIFE...HMM...



So...

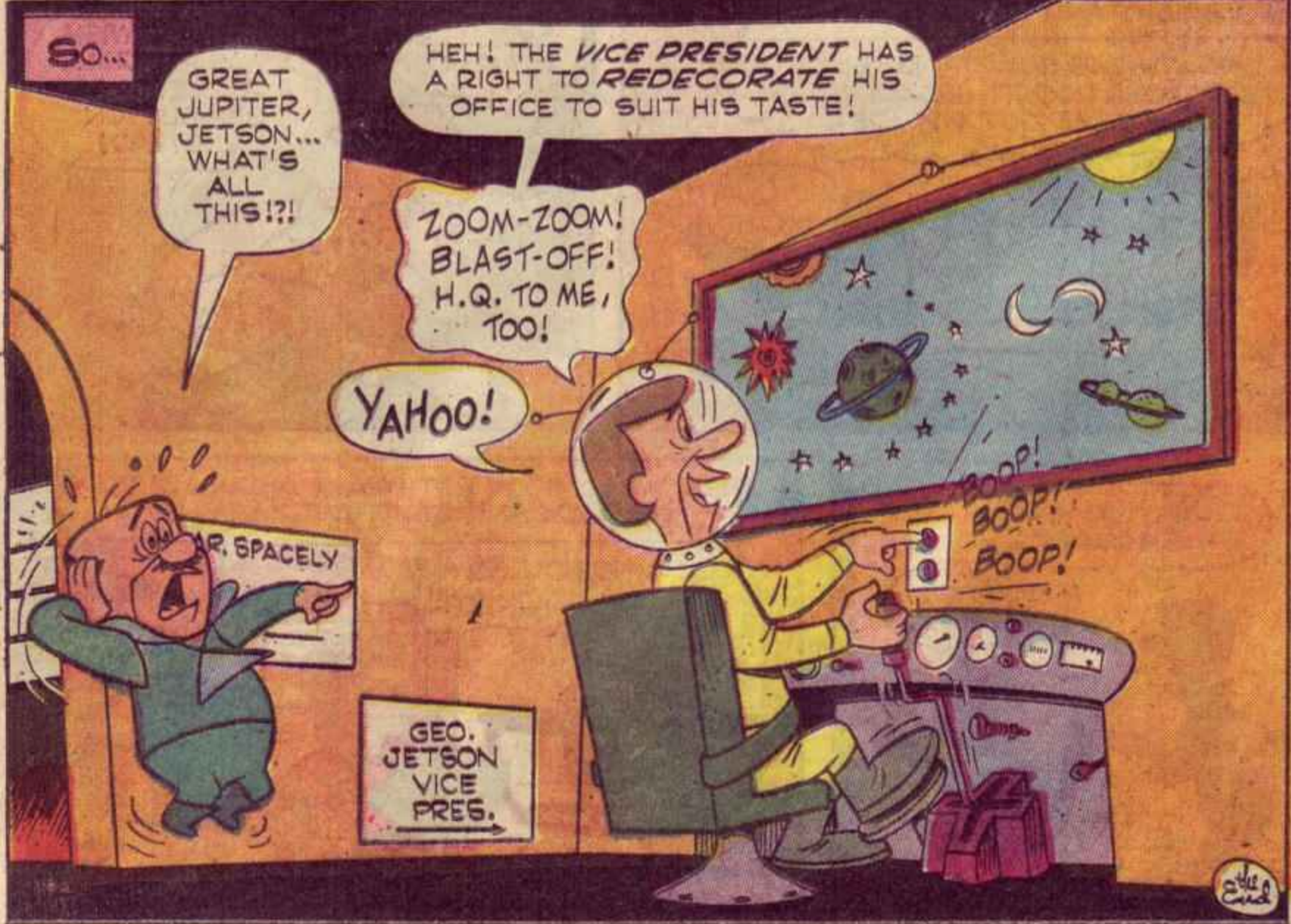
GREAT JUPITER, JETSON... WHAT'S ALL THIS!?!

HEH! THE *VICE PRESIDENT* HAS A RIGHT TO *REDECORATE* HIS OFFICE TO SUIT HIS TASTE!

ZOOM-ZOOM! BLAST-OFF! H.Q. TO ME, TOO!

YAHOO!

BOOP! BOOP! BOOP!

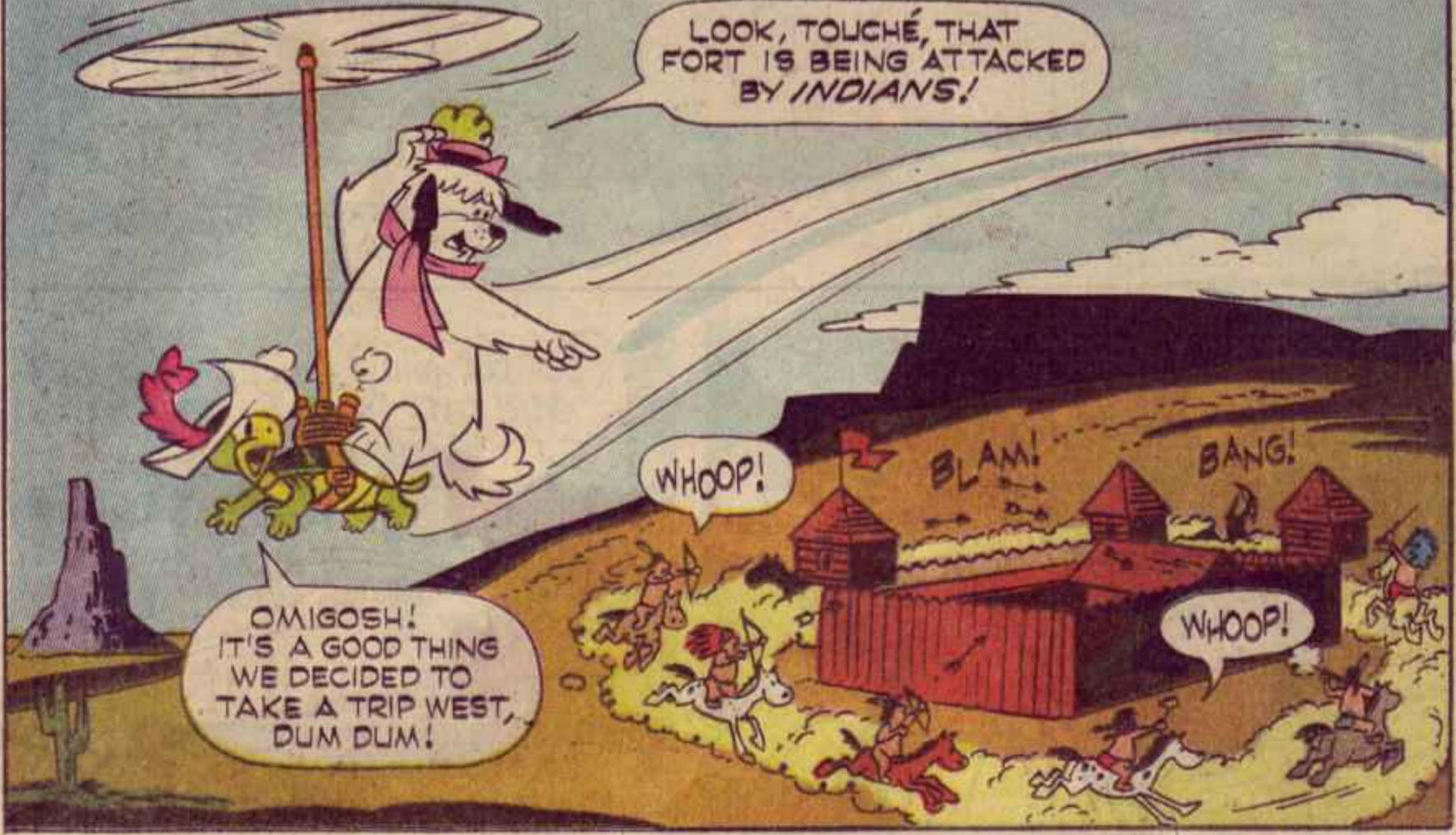


MR. SPACELY

GEO. JETSON VICE PRES.

The End

Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ** and **DUM DUM**
WESTWARD HO-HO



LOOK, TOUCHÉ, THAT FORT IS BEING ATTACKED BY INDIANS!

OMIGOSH! IT'S A GOOD THING WE DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP WEST, DUM DUM!

WHOO!

BLAM!

BANG!

WHOO!



DON'T WORRY, COLONEL, WE'LL SAVE YOU AND YOUR TROOP!

HUH?

BAM!

PLUNK!



I HAVE A LITTLE GIMMICK HERE IN MY SHELL THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!



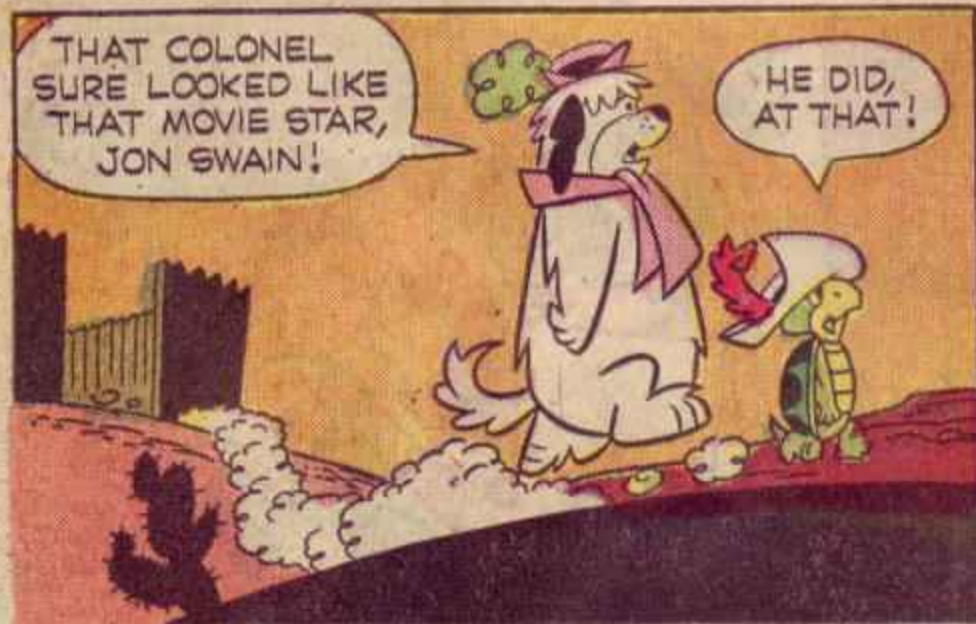
YEAH! IT'S A RECORDING OF A BUGLER SOUNDING "CHARGE" ON HIS BUGLE!

THE INDIANS WILL THINK YOUR REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMING!

BUT-



WHOA! THAT'S OUR SIGNAL TO TAKE FIVE, FELLAS!





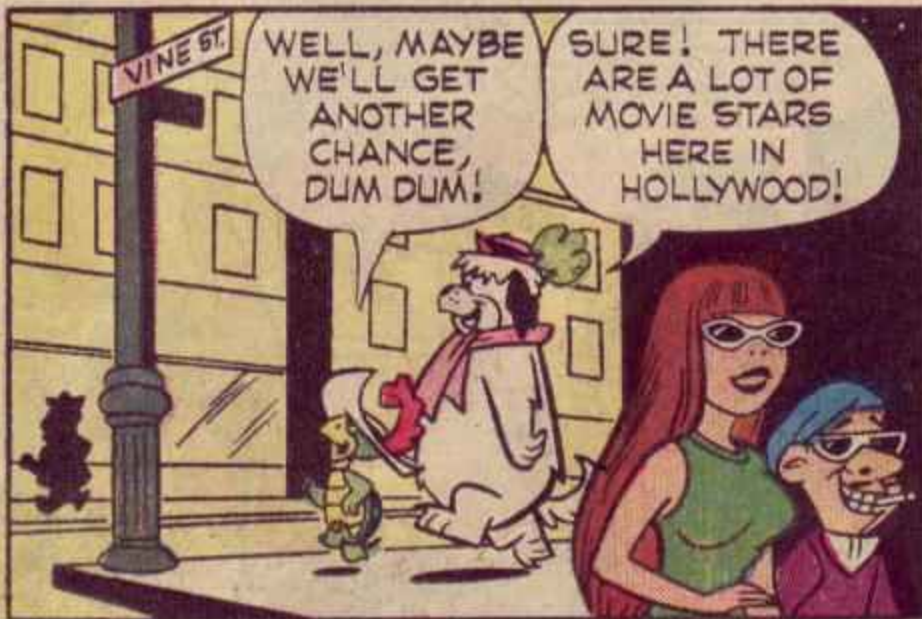
WELL, WE'D BETTER CONTINUE ON OUR WAY, DUM DUM!

YEAH! IT COMPLETELY SLIPPED MY MIND THAT THEY SHOOT A LOT OF MOVIES OUT HERE!



WE SURE BLEW OUR CHANCE OF GETTING A MOVIE STAR'S AUTOGRAPH!

YEAH! (SIGH!)



WELL, MAYBE WE'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE, DUM DUM!

SURE! THERE ARE A LOT OF MOVIE STARS HERE IN HOLLYWOOD!



IT'S HARD TO TELL WHICH ONES ARE STARS! EVERYBODY WEARS DARK GLASSES!

HEY, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF MOVIE STARS, NOW!



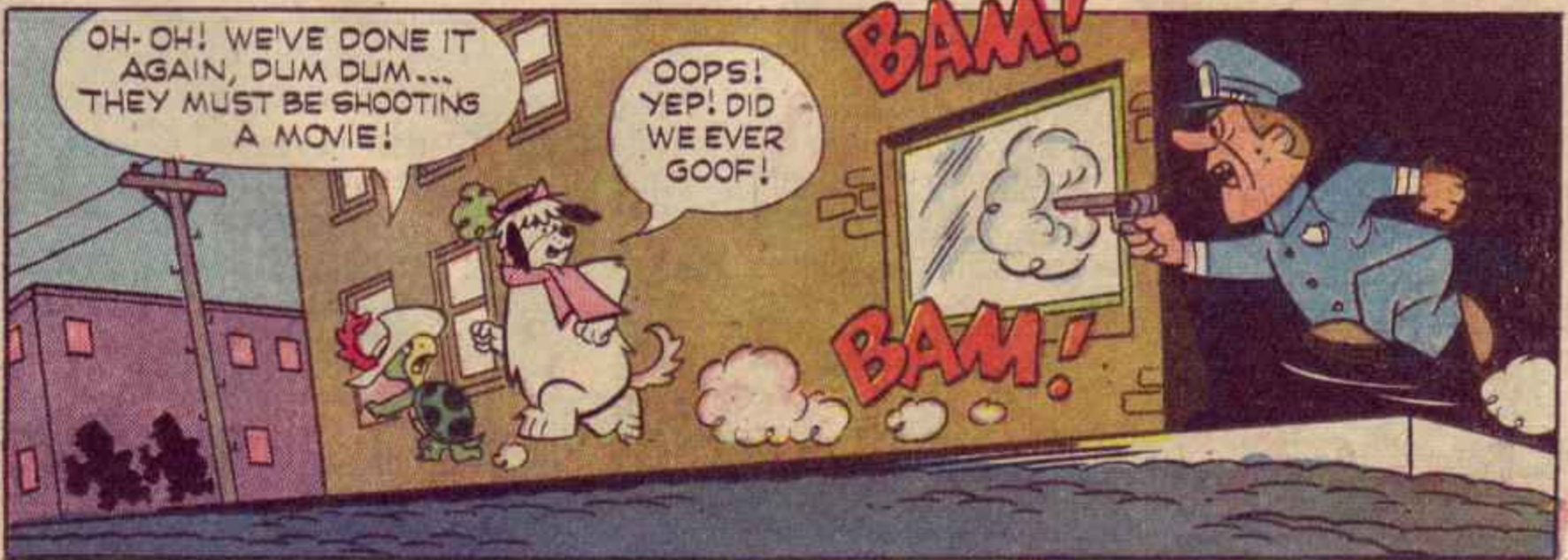
THEY MUST HAVE JUST CASHED THEIR PAY CHECKS!

BANK



COME ON, LET'S GET THEIR AUTOGRAPHS, DUM DUM!

IF WE CAN CATCH 'EM!



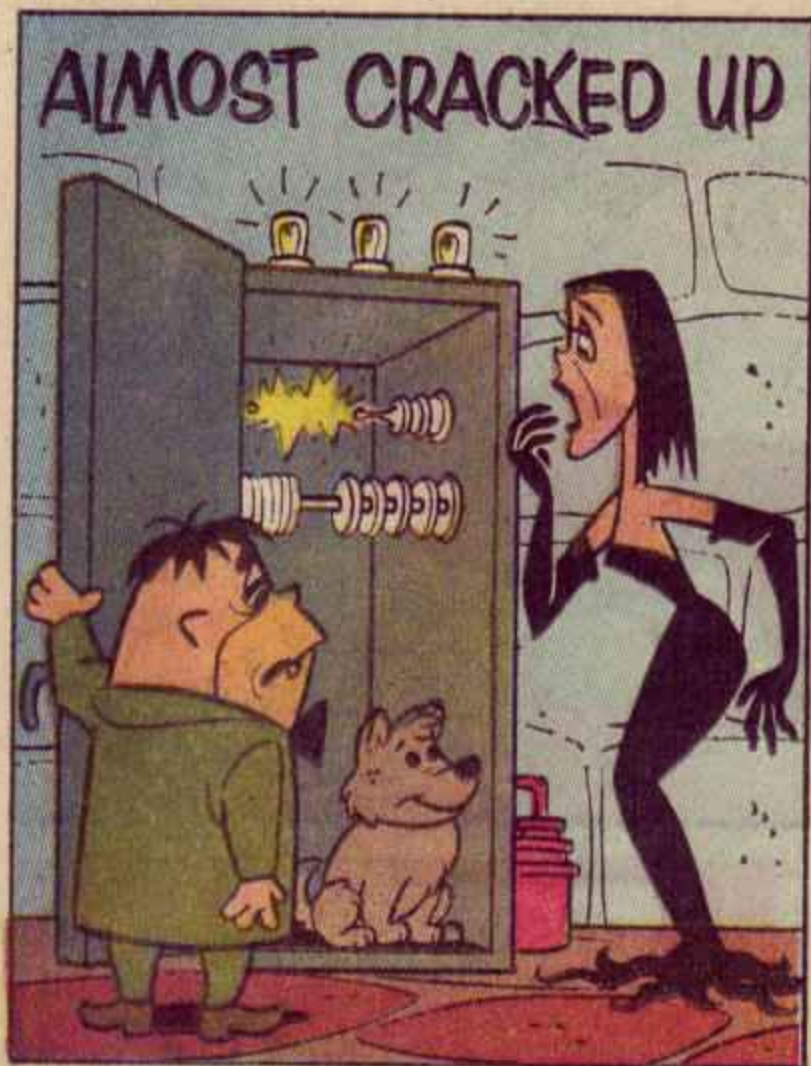
OH-OH! WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN, DUM DUM... THEY MUST BE SHOOTING A MOVIE!

OOPS! YEP! DID WE EVER GOOF!

BAM!

BAM!





Goonda, J. Evil Scientist's adoring wife, suspiciously sniffed the air of their dank, dismal home. The unlikely odor of perfume filled the musty room.

"Ugh!" she shuddered. "Where's that awful smell coming from?"

At that moment, the sound of happy-type music drifted up from J. Evil's basement laboratory.

"What on earth are you doing down there?" cried Goonda, running down the stairs.

She found J. Evil in a state of complete exasperation.

"I think I am cracking up!" he snarled. "Every one of my experiments has turned out to be something GOOD today! Take this one, for example," he continued, holding a jar out of which poured fumes. "I mixed up some concentrated essence of swamp water, and it came out smelling like spring flowers."

He walked over to a tape recorder. "And here, I was recording some nice, horrible ghastly noises to scare the neighbors, and what do I get? MUSIC!"

He snapped off the recorder and walked over to a big black box. "And here's the cracker! I invented a machine to turn out monsters, and look what I got!"

He opened the door of the gadget. Goonda looked in and shrieked!

"A horrible, cute little puppy!" she exclaimed. "Get him out of here!"

J. Evil obediently chased the little dog out of the house.

"You ARE in a bad, I mean good way!" Goonda said, collecting herself. "I think you need a change of scenery. How about you taking a walk before dinner. A nice clammy fog is creeping in over Dismal Swamp."

"Good idea!" agreed J. Evil. "It might do me some good and make me feel better. Maybe I'll even catch a cold!"

So, he walked to the swamp but returned in a few minutes, more upset than before.

"Some idea!" he snapped. "You know what happened? I found a baby bird that had fallen from its nest, and I actually picked it up and put it back. Now I KNOW that I am cracking up. Everything's gone wrong!"

Goonda looked at her husband, a worried frown on her sinister features. Then she excitedly asked, "Exactly where did you find that baby bird?"

"Right under that big old twisted oak in the middle of the swamp," he replied.

Goonda gave a gleeful cackle. "You can stop worrying! You're not cracking up! A buzz-saw buzzard has a nest in that tree," said Goonda. "That little bird will grow up to be one of the noisiest and one of the nastiest birds in the world!"

A happy smile crept over J. Evil's face. "And to think I saved its life so it can grow up to be nasty. Guess I'm not losing my grip after all."

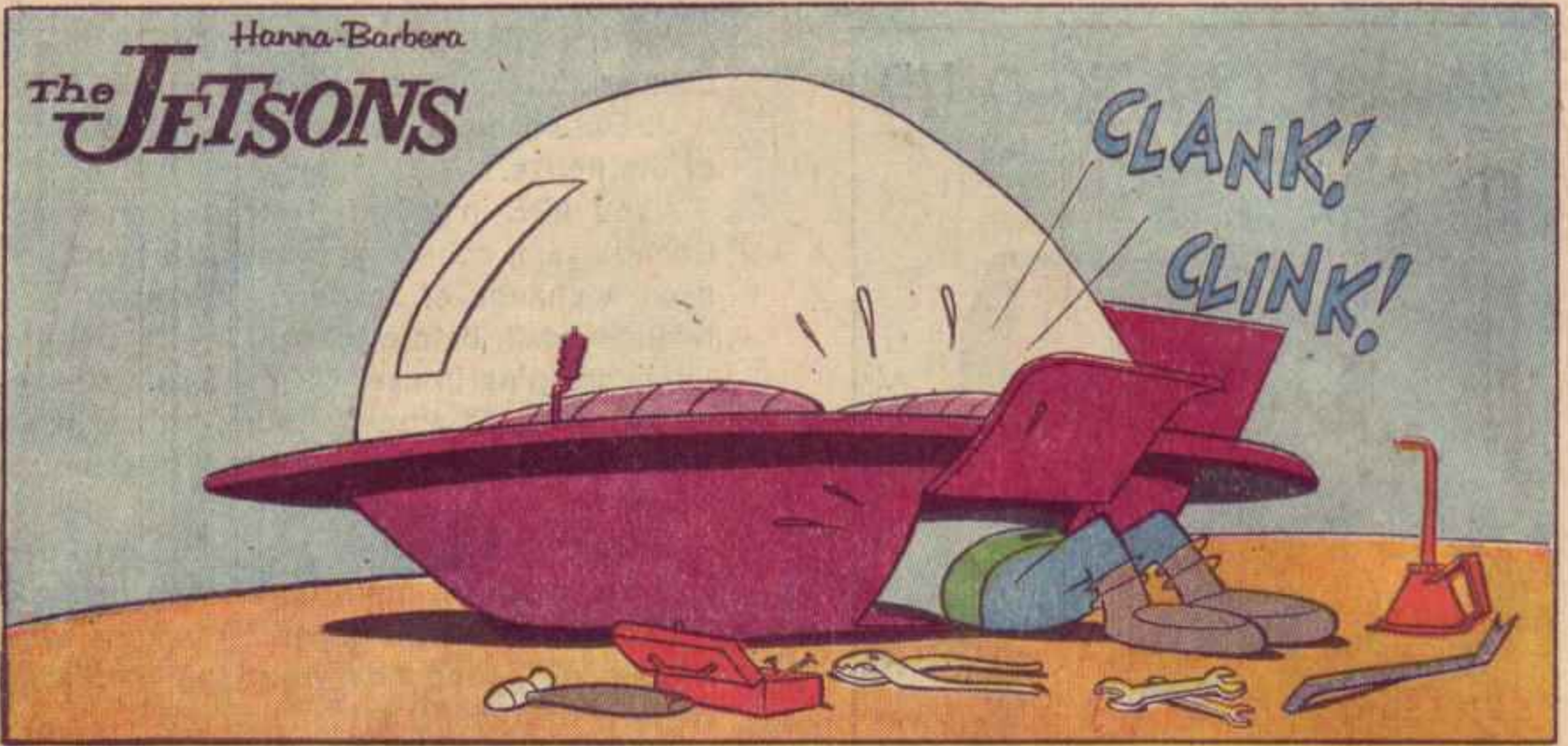
"And maybe those experiments that didn't work out this morning were only accidents," added Goonda. "Maybe they'll turn out to be bad GOOD things for you, dear!"

"Maybe so," said J. Evil happily, as he ran down to his laboratory.

And Goonda was right! The swamp water had settled and returned to its normal rancid odor... only worse, better that is. A most horrible chorus of howls and screams came from the recorder as J. Evil played his new recording at a rapid speed. And, the little puppy that had been chased from the house, was not a dog puppy at all but a werewolf cub that was now chewing at the door to get back in. Soon normal chaos again reigned in the miserably happy J. Evil Scientist household; just the neighbors cracked up.

Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

CLANK!
CLINK!

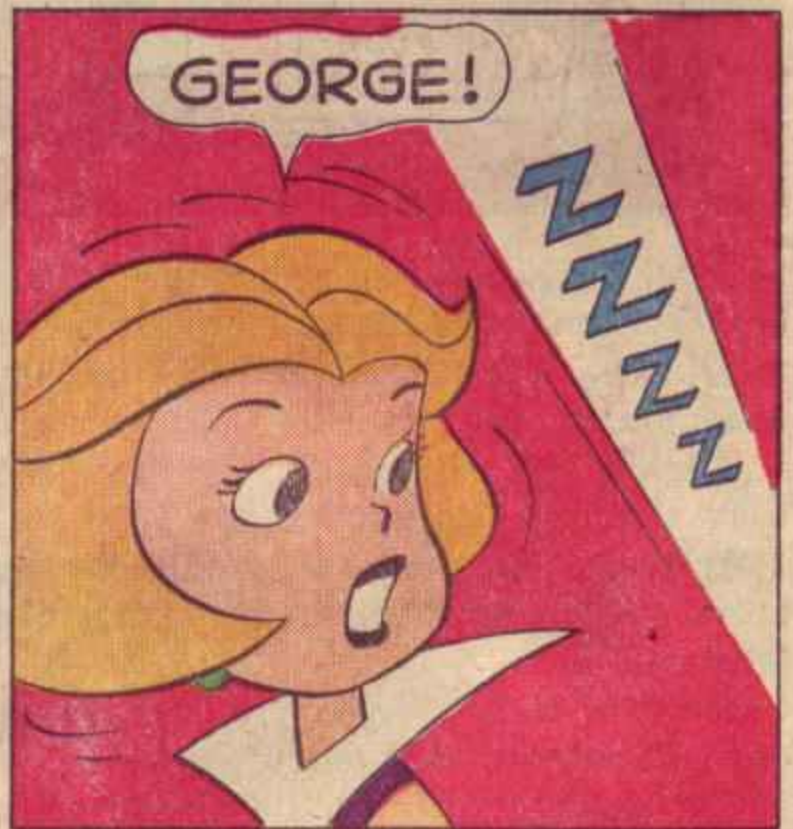


(WHEW!) I'VE BEEN DOING
TOO MUCH REPAIR WORK!
ME FOR A BIG NAP!



GEORGE!

Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z



GOODNESS, HE HAS
BEEN DOING TOO MUCH
REPAIR WORK!

Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z
Z



ROCKY and BULLWINKLE



YOU AND **CHEERIOS** REALLY MAKE SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER, BULLWINKLE!

UH-HUH.



CHEERIOS N' MILK GIVE US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN' PROTEIN...



...AND LOTS OF GO-GO-GO!



DO YOU MEAN THAT EVERYONE SHOULD GO WITH THE GOODNESS OF **CHEERIOS**?

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'!

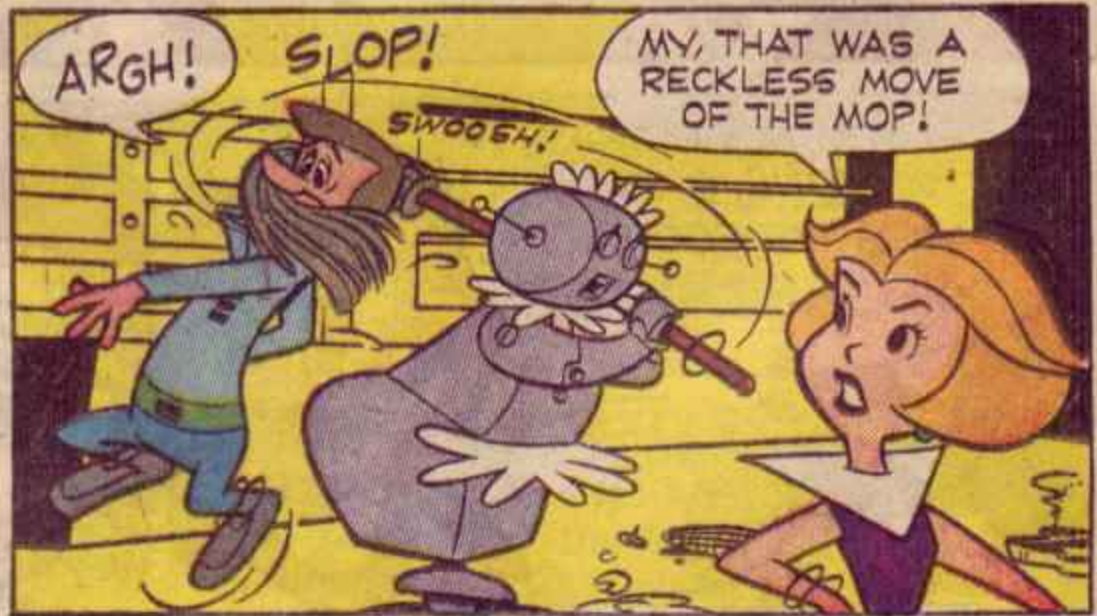
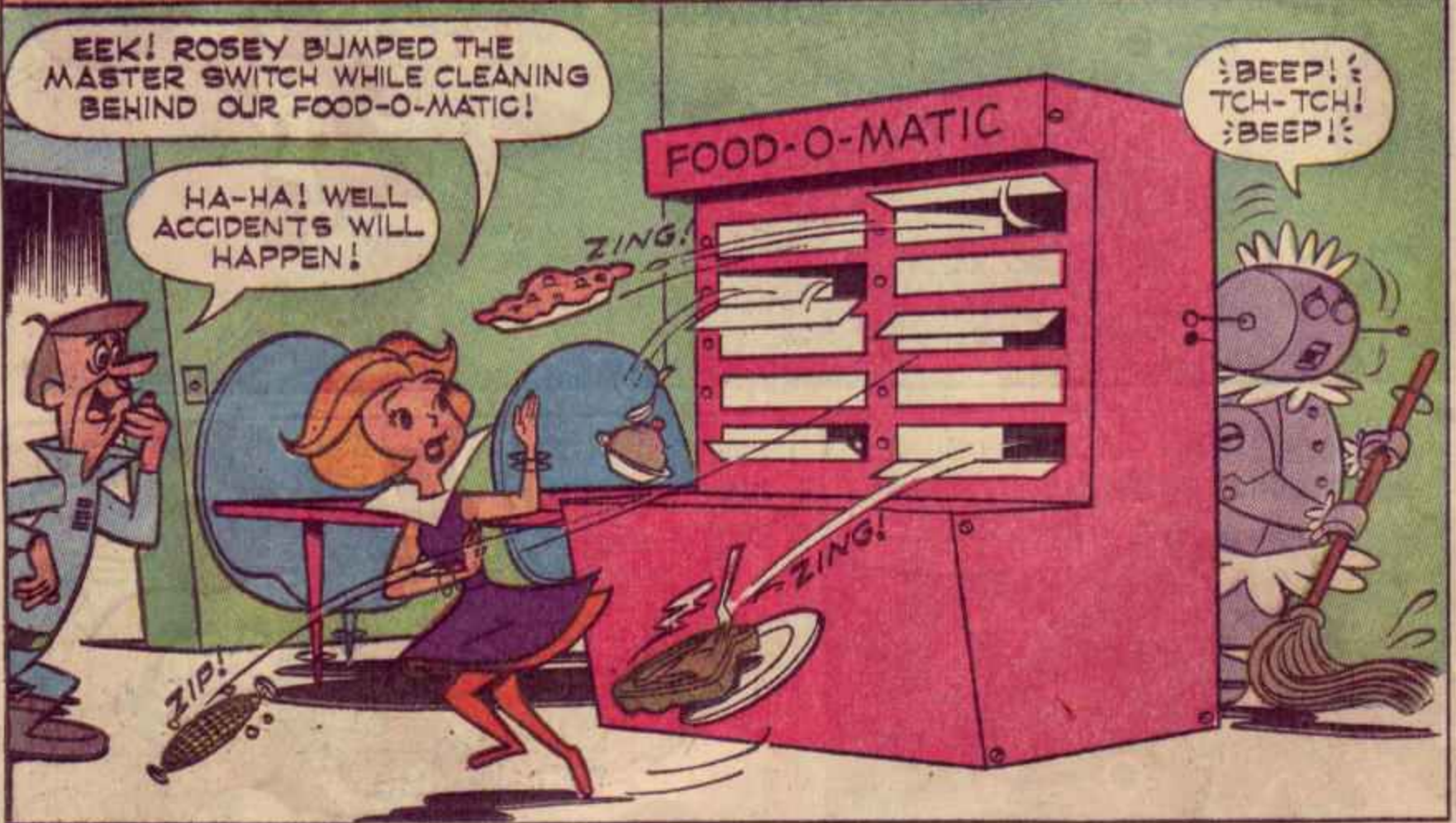


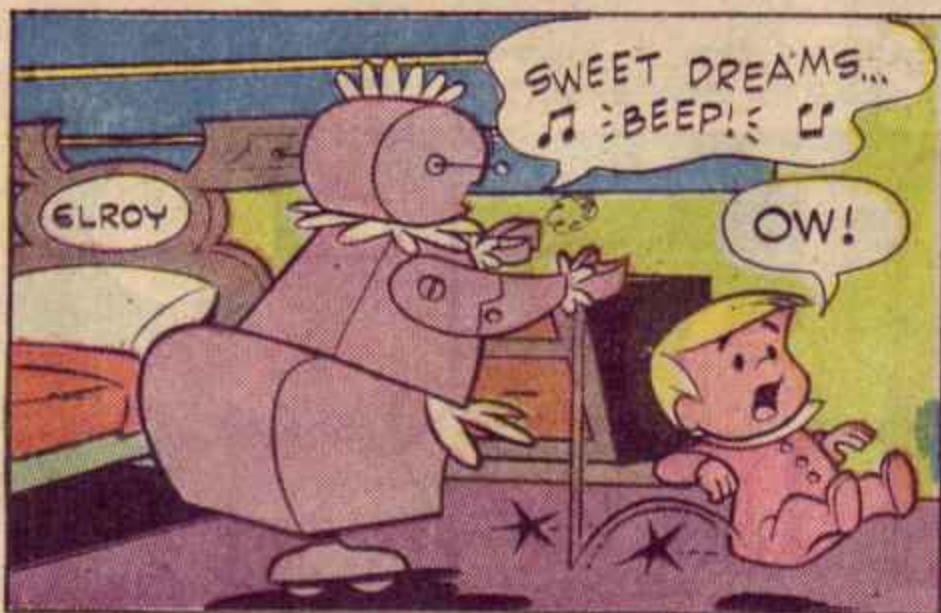
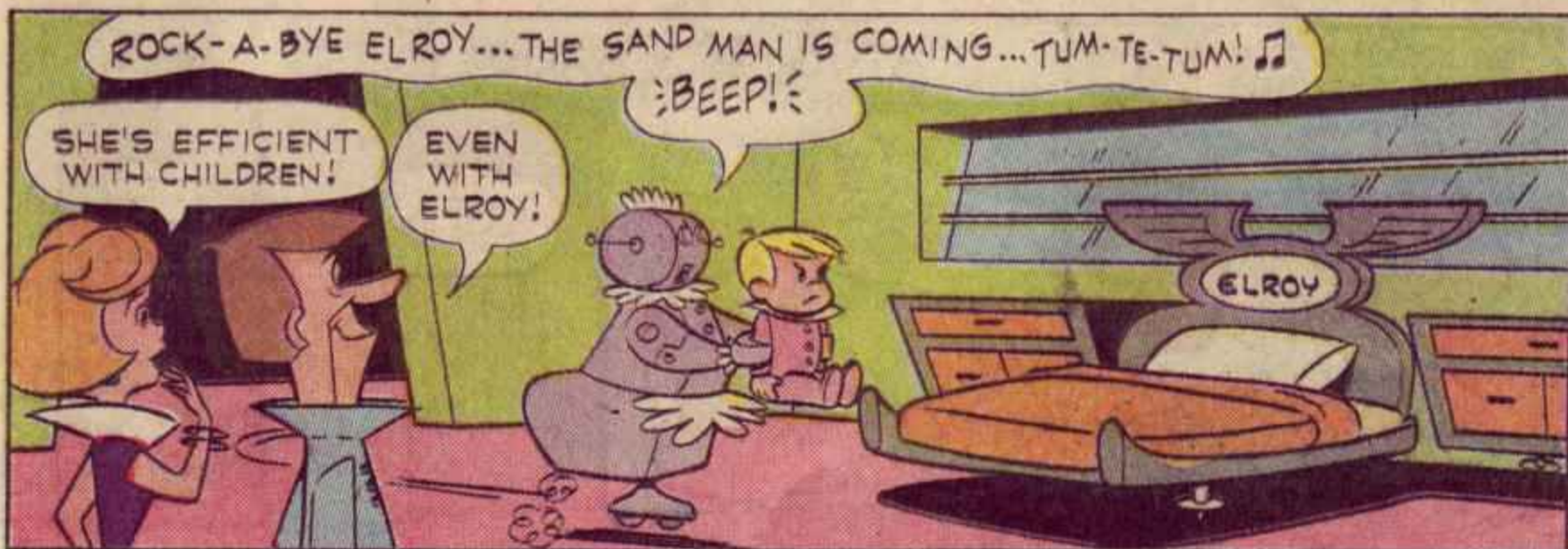
SPLASH!

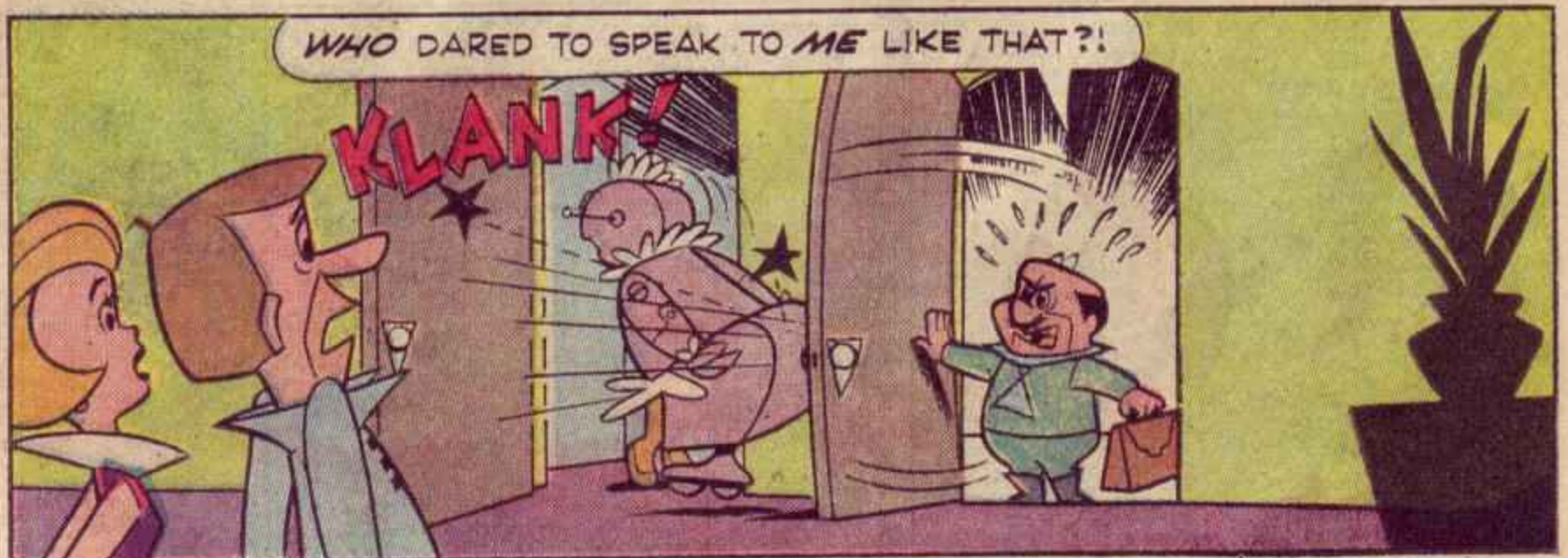
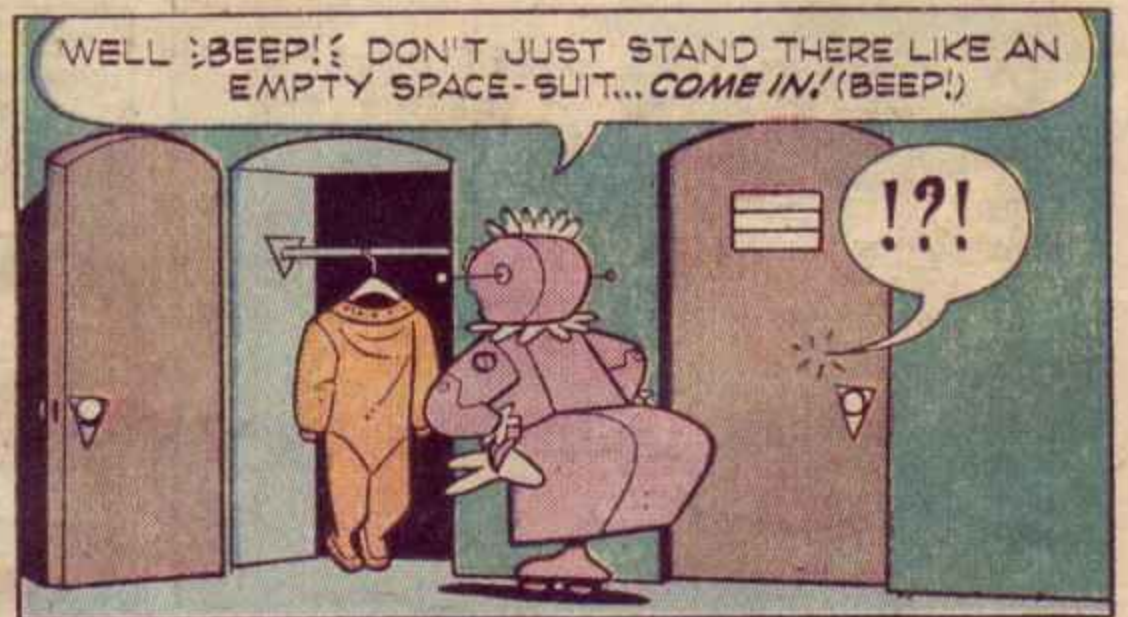
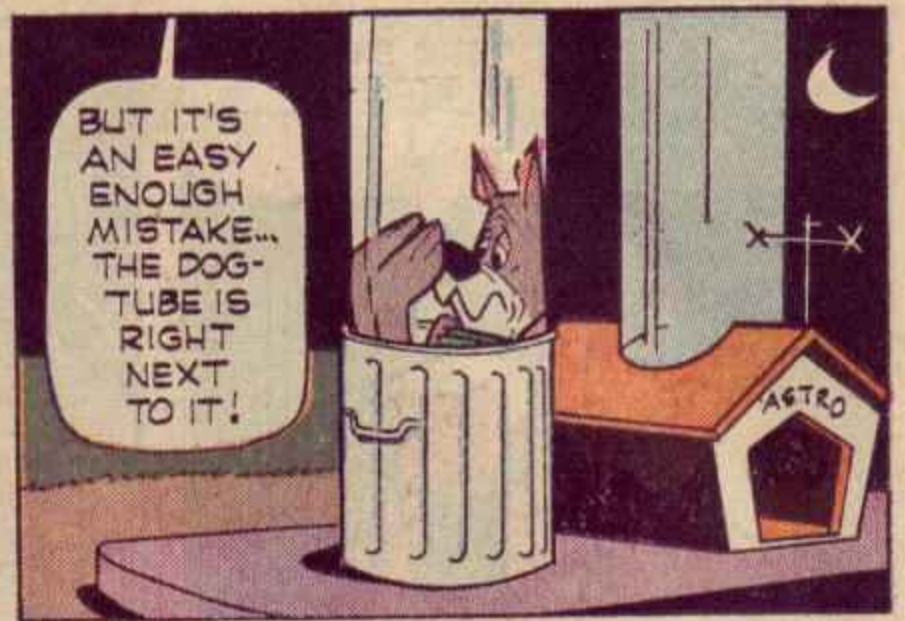


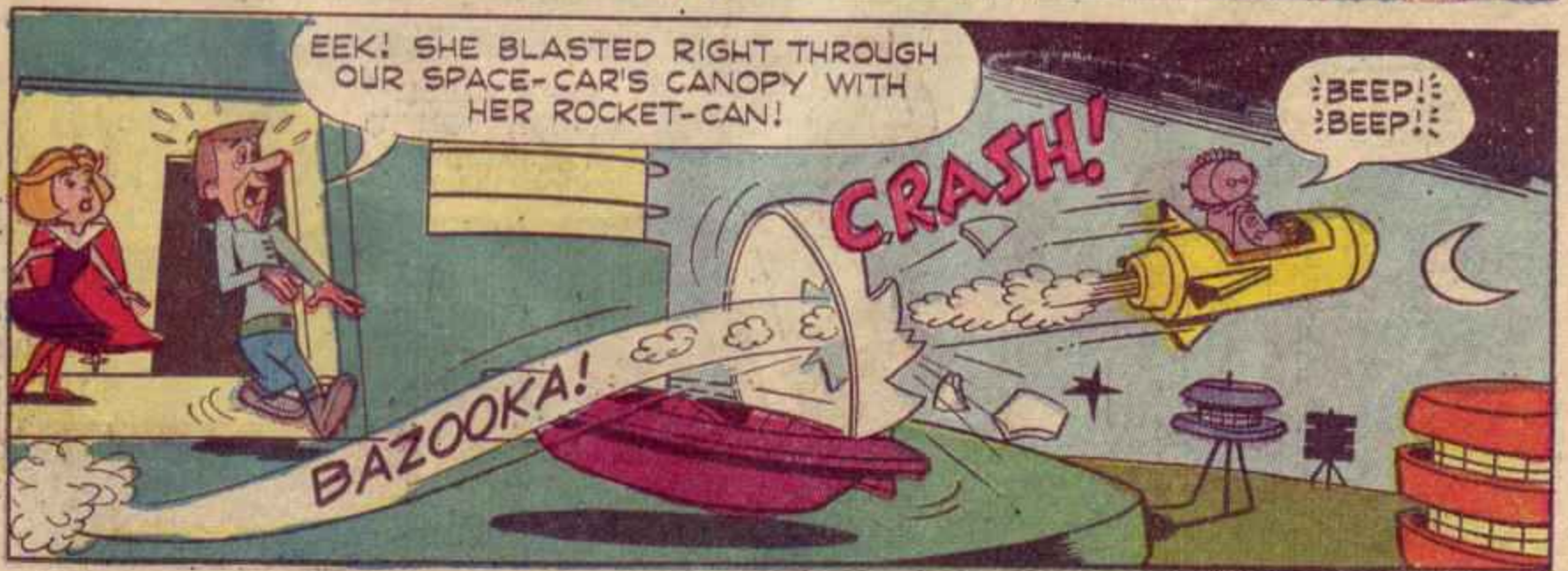
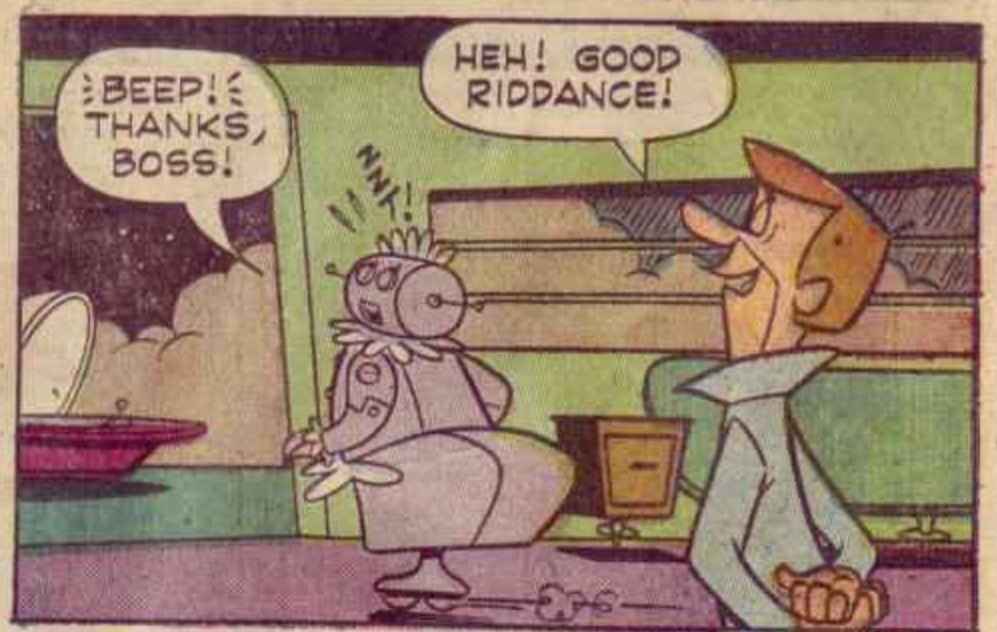
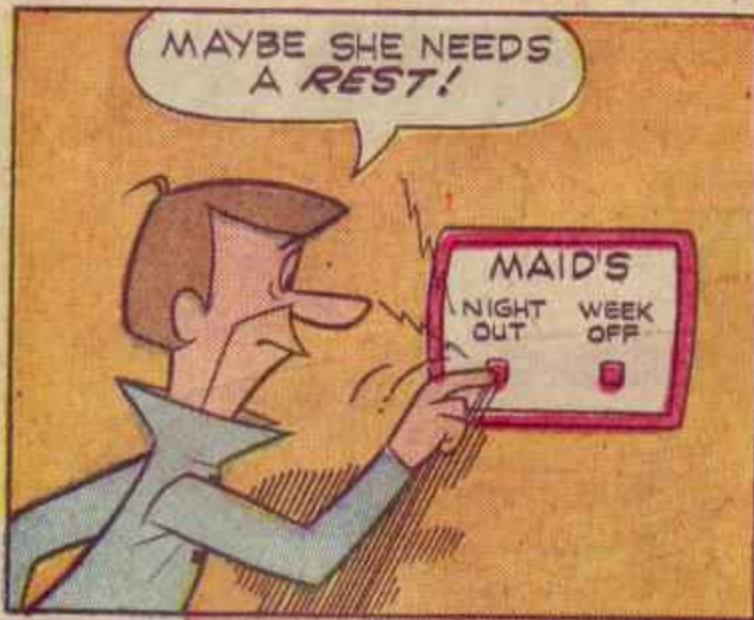
BUT THEY SHOULD WATCH WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

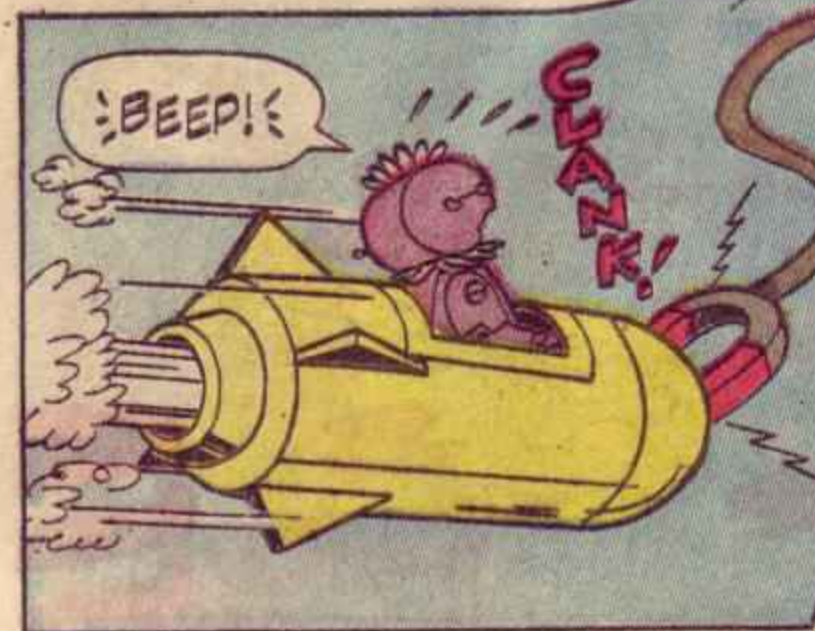
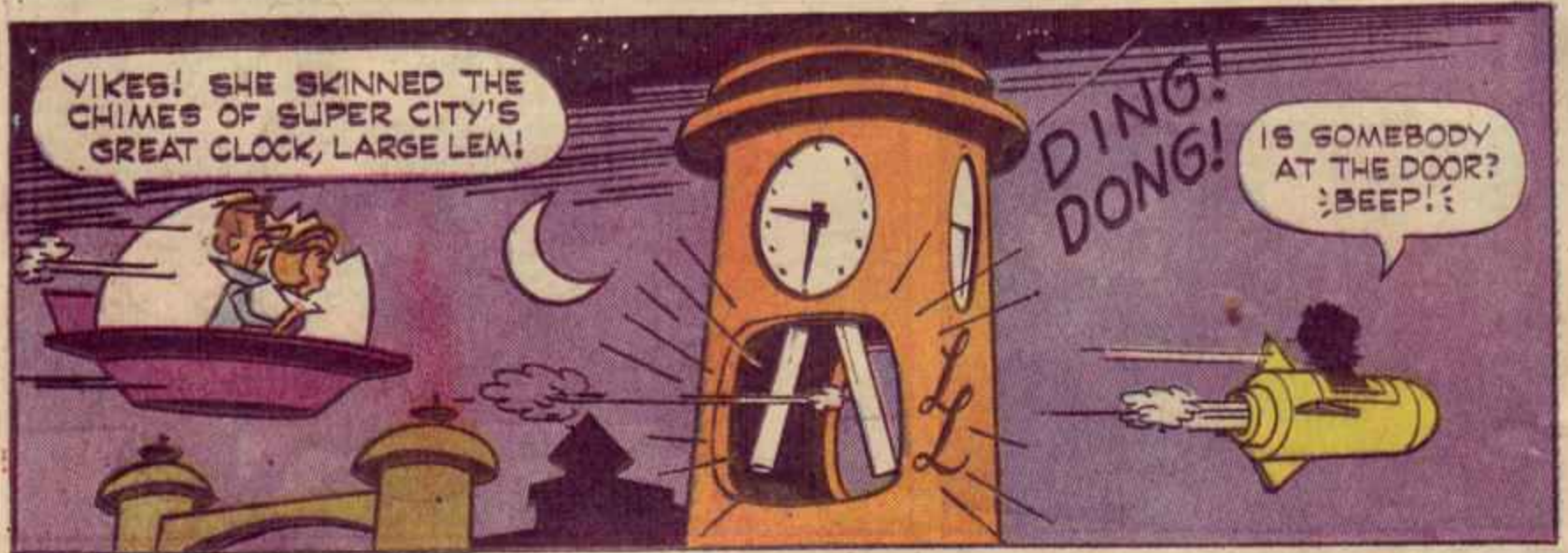


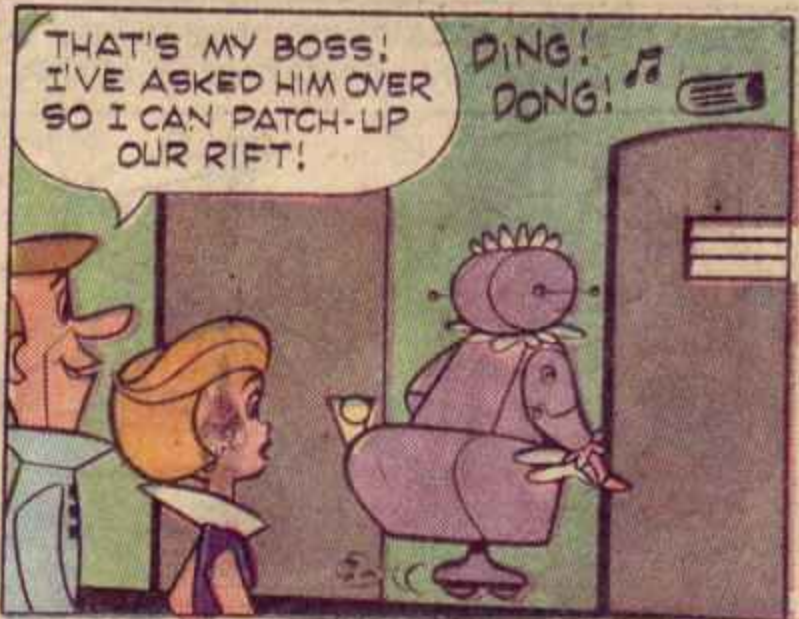
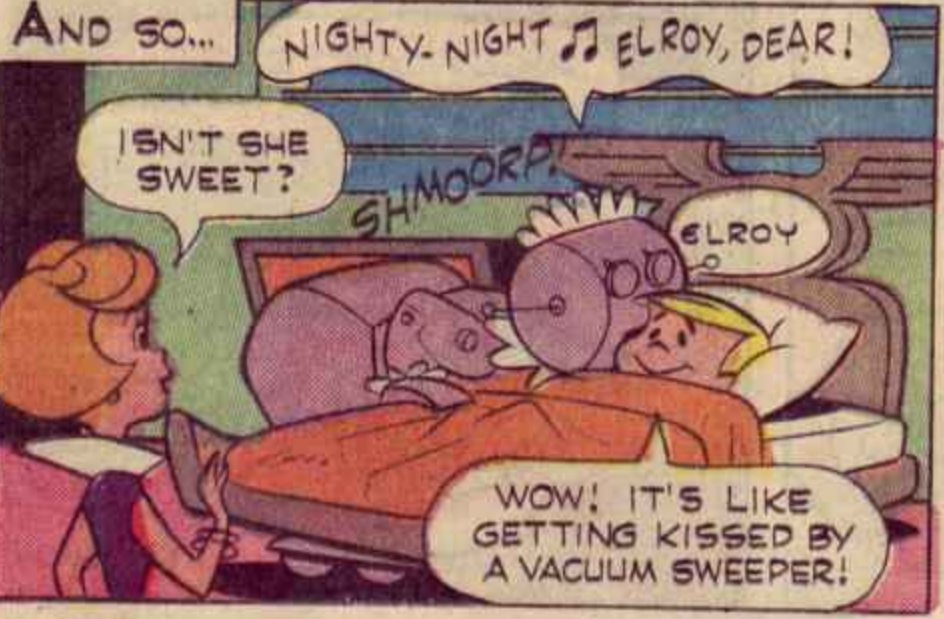












Gold Key







OH, SPACE-DUST! NOT A SINGLE BEAST IN HERE!



HEY...A LOT OF PEOPLE NOISE COMING CLOSER!

JABBER-JABBER!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING THIS TRIP, LIVEY?

TO THE ULTRA-WAY-OUT PLANET, POLAROIDUS!

TO BRING BACK SOME OF THE WILD LIFE FOR EARTH'S ZOOS!

KEEP OUT



ARE YOU SCARED, LIVEY?

TUT-TUT! I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!

WELL, I DO!



WE'LL BE IN TROUBLE IF THEY FIND US IN HERE! LET'S HIDE, ASTRO!



AND MEANWHILE...

HI, JANE... GEORGE!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, RETRO...IT'S BEEN YEARS!

LUNAR STOP

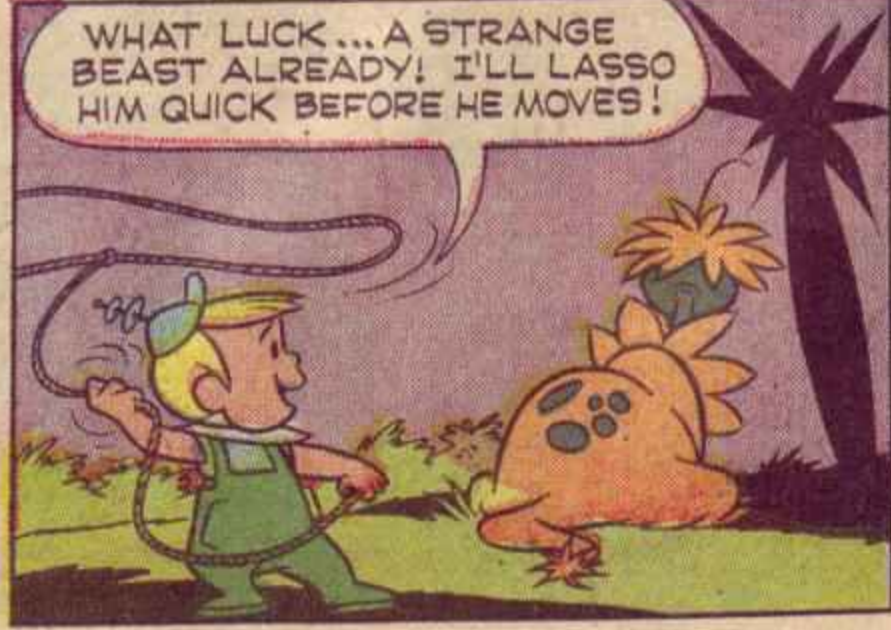
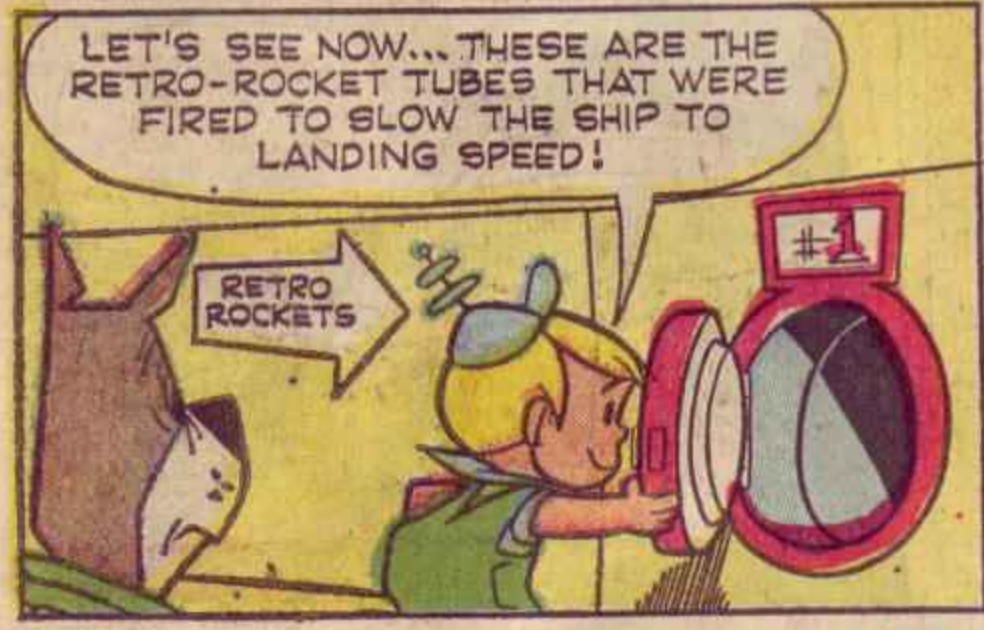
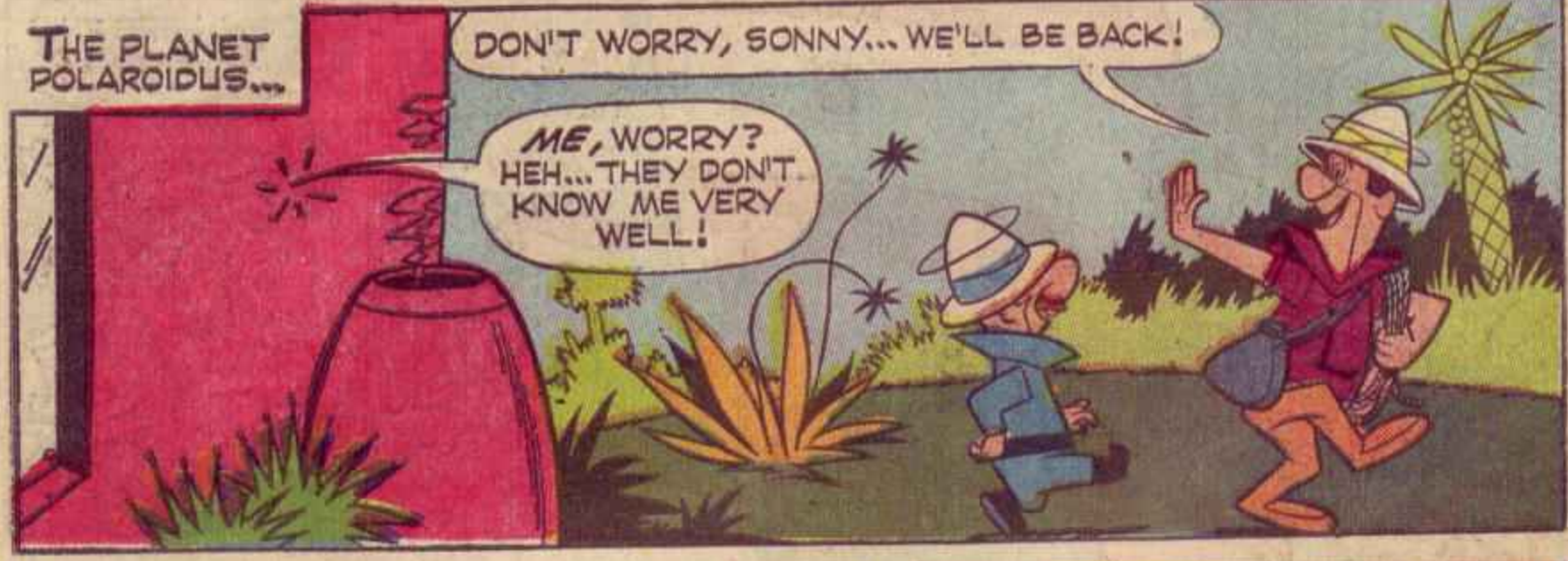


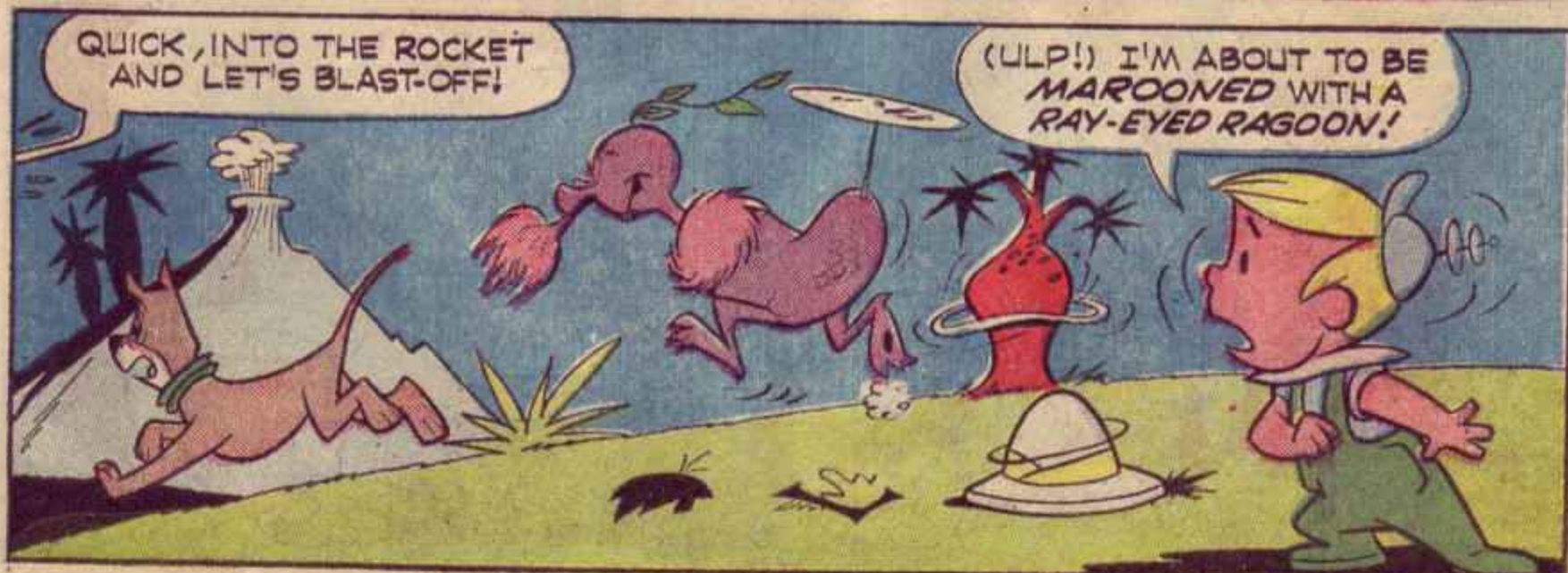
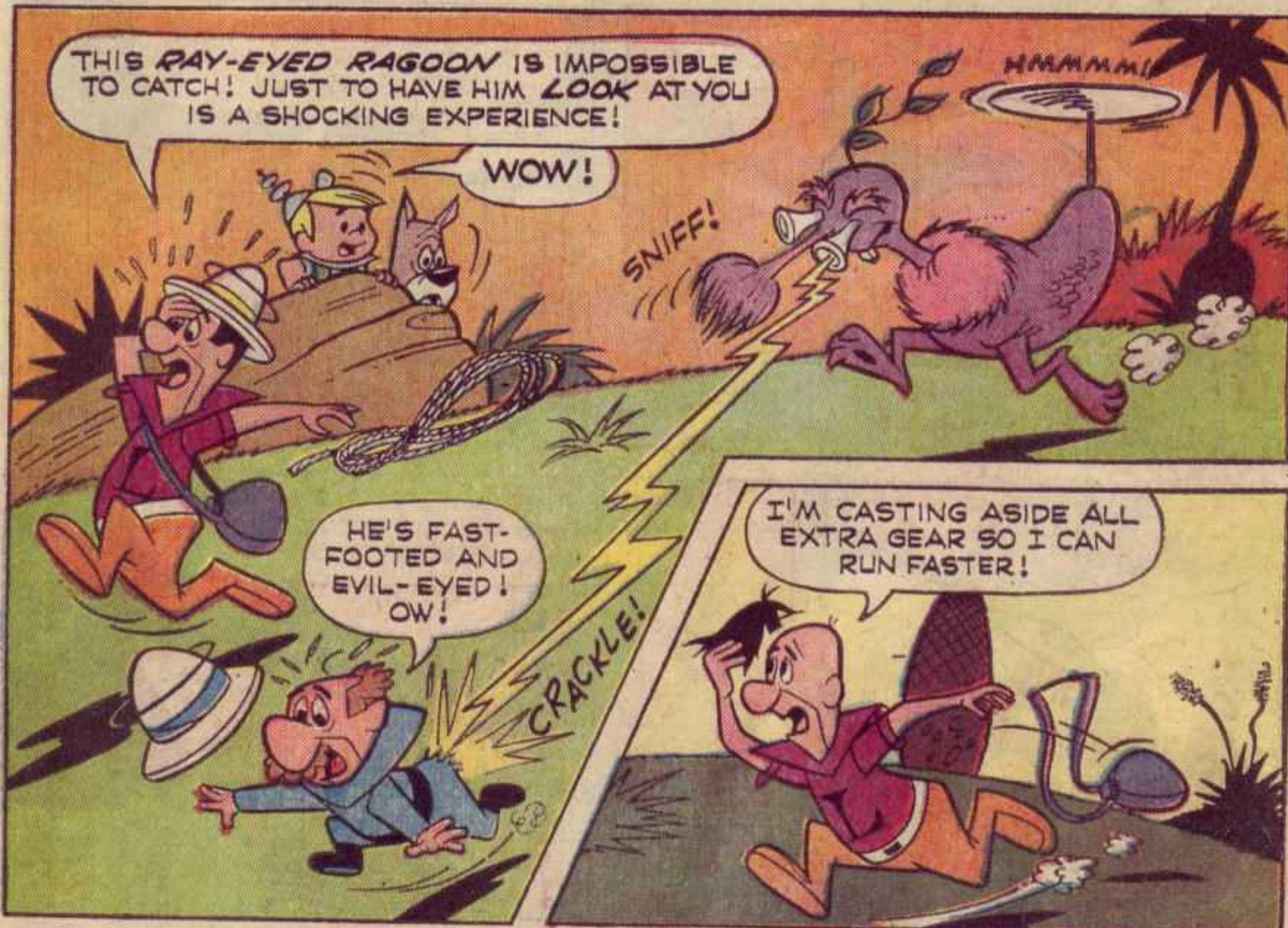
WHERE'S YOUR BOY, ELROY?

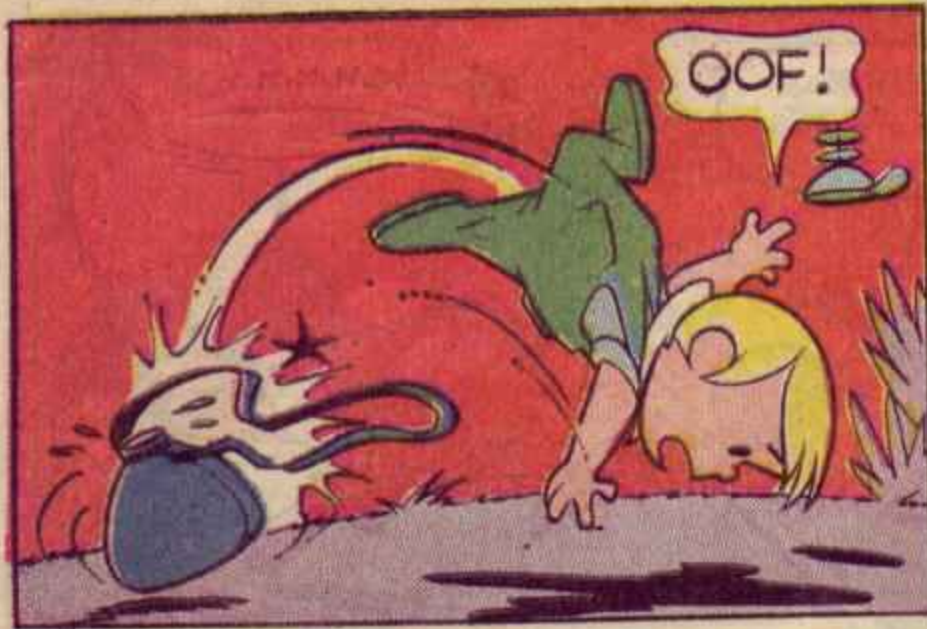
RIGHT HERE... ER, ELROY?

OH, MY!











Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

SHE HAS BEEN WORKING ON HER HAIR FOR OVER AN HOUR NOW!

JUDY HAS A DATE TONIGHT, GEORGE!



I WANT MY HAIR TO LOOK ITS BEST! I HAVE A DATE WITH THAT NEW EXCHANGE STUDENT!



HERE HE IS NOW, JUDY!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, ALI!



HAVE A GOOD TIME, KIDS!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

LAST TIME I'LL EVER WORK ON MY HAIR SO LONG FOR HIM!

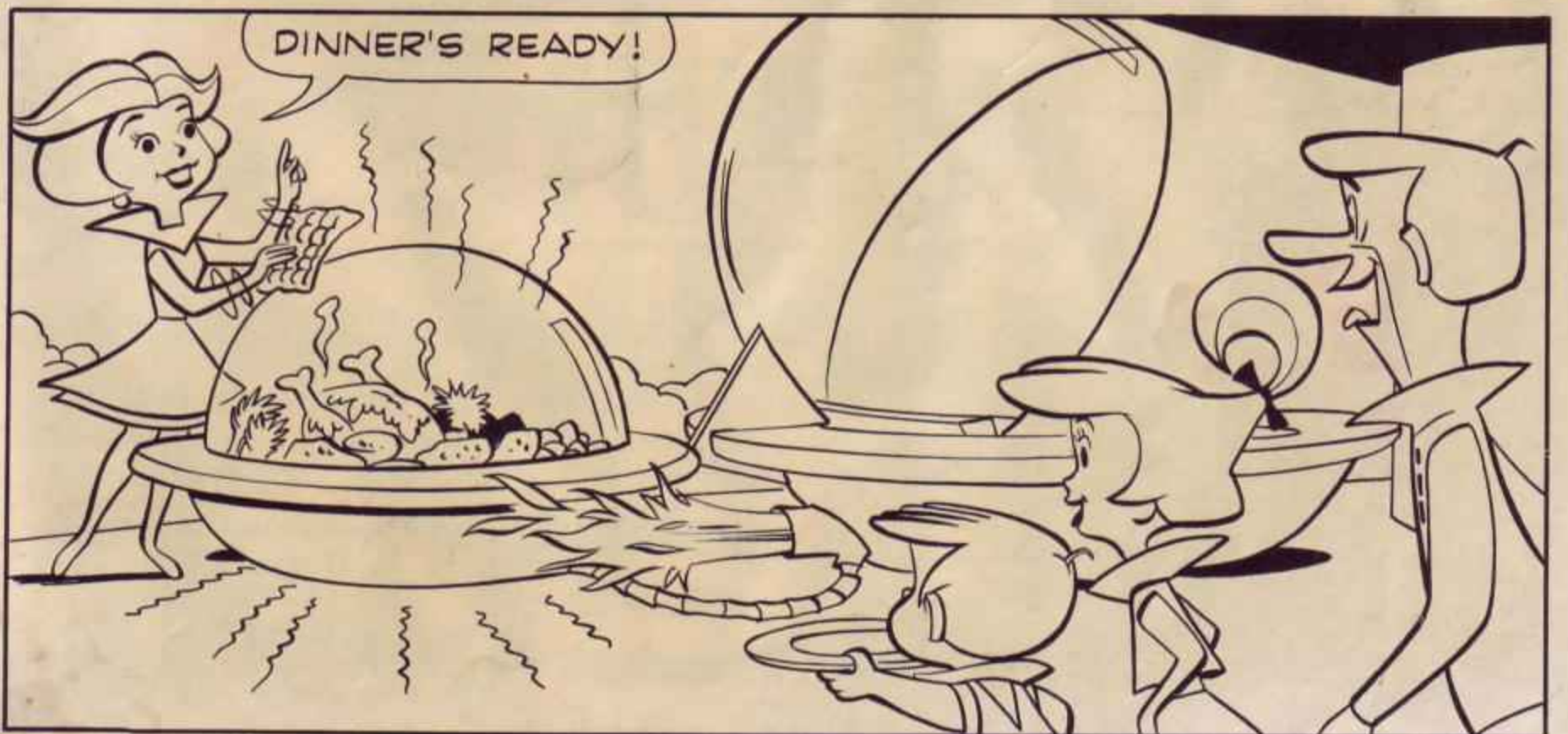
WHY?



SEE WHAT I HAD TO RIDE AROUND ON ALL NIGHT?



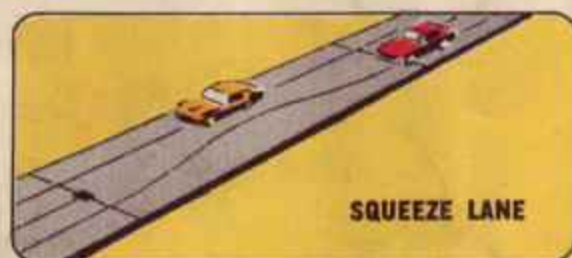
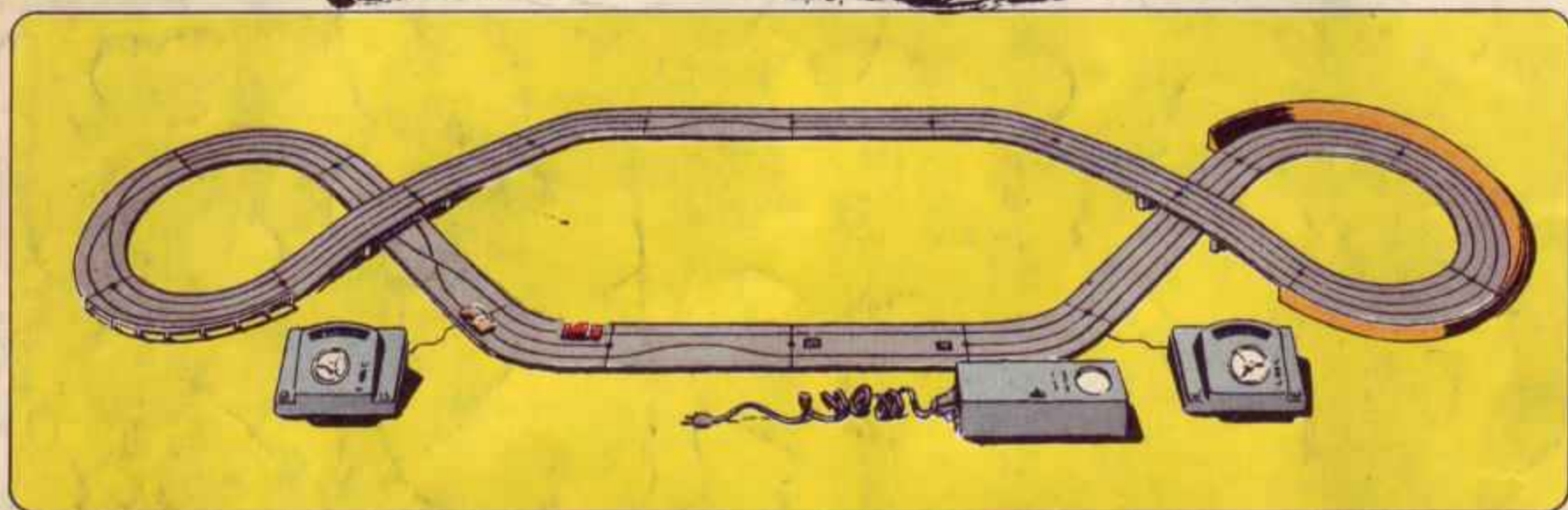
Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS



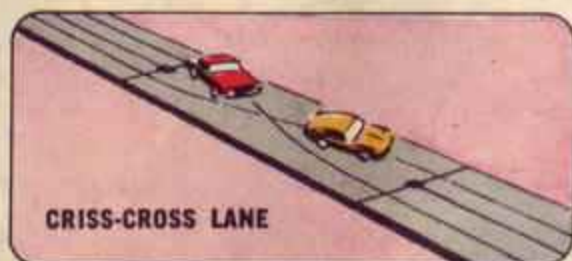
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